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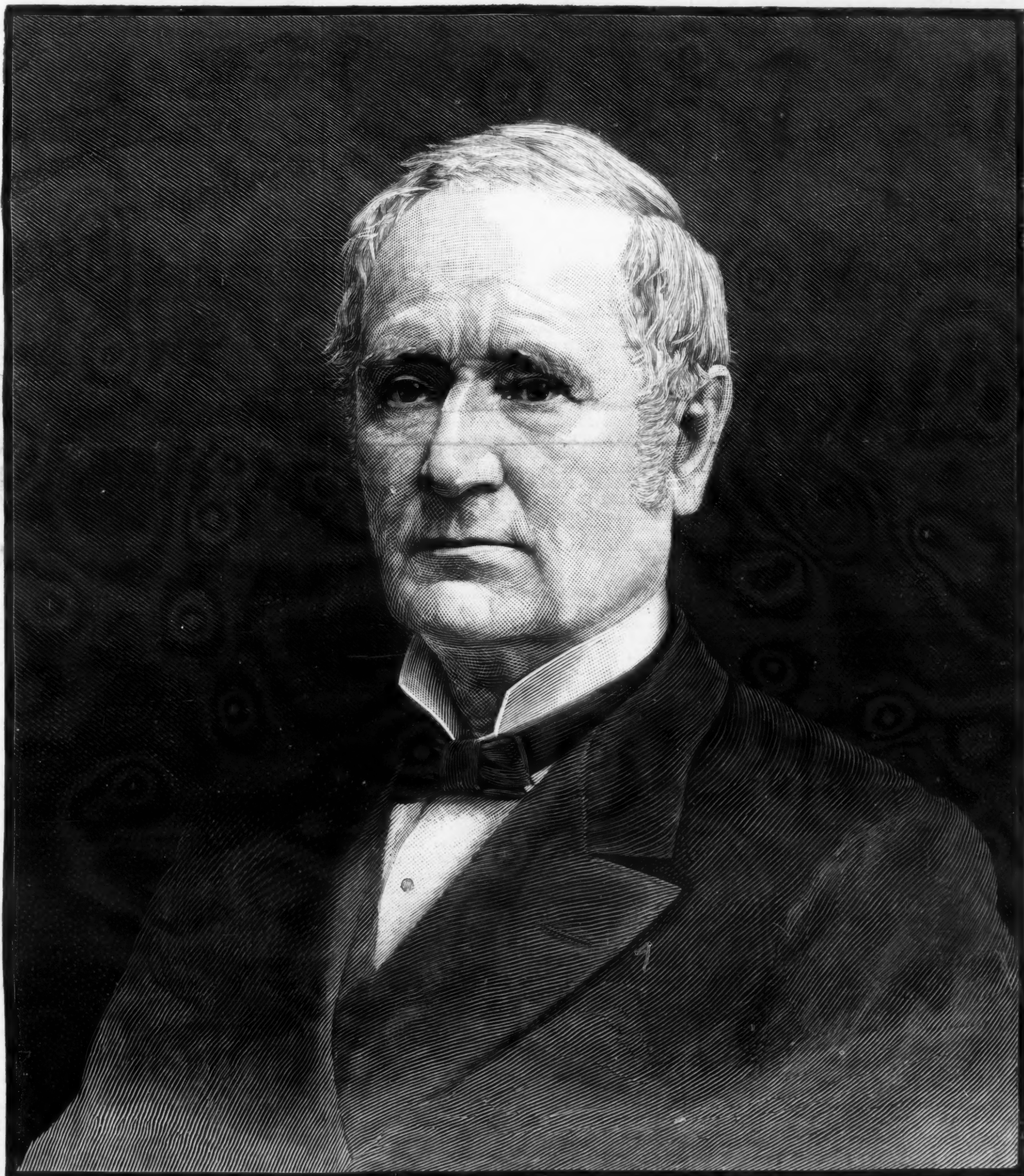


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THE LATE THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

PHOTO. BY ANDERSON.—SEE PAGE 251.



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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1885.

#### THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

THE sudden death of the Vice-president will compel attention to the important matter of providing definitely for the succession to the Executive office. The King of Spain died on the same day, and there the old formula can be repeated: "The King is dead, long live the Queen!" although she is a child of five years. But here, if the President should now die, there would be absolutely no known successor. One would have to be named, and an unseemly struggle would be sure to arise. There is no existing officer designated by the Constitution or by statute upon whom the Executive duties would devolve. It is more important that some provision should be made, than that the best possible one shall be devised, for any plan adopted will be subject to easy change if experience shall condemn it.

We have full cause to give prompt attention to this subject. We have had warnings during later years, which were not given to our forefathers. For nearly half a century there was no break in the Executive office. Eight men filled it during thirteen terms before the first death occurred, in 1841. Then, within forty years four Presidents died in office. Five Vice-presidents have also died during their terms since the formation of the Government: George Clinton in 1809, Elbridge Gerry in 1813, William R. King in 1853, Henry Wilson in 1873, and now Thomas A. Hendricks in 1885. These admonitions would seem to be serious enough to secure for this matter the most careful consideration during the session of Congress now about to open. Our political machinery has worked so smoothly, in this respect, and has borne so many strains, that we indulge in overweening confidence in it. Indeed, the framers of the Constitution paid very little attention to this point of succession, which is generally the point of danger in governmental machinery. They had little debate over it, and simply provided that in case of the removal, death, resignation or disability of the President, his powers and duties should devolve on the Vice-president, and that the Congress might provide by law for the case of removal, death, resignation or disability, both of the President and Vice-president, declaring what officer should then act as President, and that such officer should act accordingly, until the disability be removed, or a President elected. In 1792 the Congress, in pursuance of this power, provided that, in case of vacancy in both offices, the President of the Senate, and if there be none, the Speaker of the House, should assume the duties until a new election.

So the matter has remained ever since, in spite of all efforts to make more definite and permanent provision. In 1883 the Senate, after full deliberation, passed a Bill to secure an unbroken succession, by providing that, in case of vacancy in both offices, the powers and duties of the President should run through the Cabinet in the following order: The Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney-general, the Postmaster-general, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Interior. But this Bill did not become a law. The subject is still pressing for action; and its consideration is the more urgent because of late we have neglected even the precautions authorized by existing law. After the death of President Garfield, the Vice-president, Arthur, adjourned the Senate without providing for the election of a President *pro tem.*; and at the late extra session Mr. Hendricks took the same course. There is, therefore, at this moment no officer who could assume the powers and duties of the President in case of his death or disability. One man, with a power greater than that of any modern king, presides over a nation of more than fifty millions of people—he is the Commander-in-chief of its Army and Navy, and the dispenser of its vast patronage. Yet, if he should now be removed, no man could tell who would succeed him; his powers and duties must remain in abeyance; there would be a necessary and complete interregnum.

There should be no such possibility in our system. Strong and flexible as it has proved to be, we should subject it to no such strain. The Senate Bill of 1883 was well considered; it had two cardinal points in view: to remove all chance of an interregnum, and to provide that the devolution of Executive duties upon a designated officer should not disturb the course of the legislative branch by removing either the President of the Senate or the Speaker of the House. We are in the first year of a term, and singularly free from the excitements of political strife. The time is favorable to put this question at rest by legislation, at least until some amendment to the Constitution shall be made which shall settle it on a basis suited to our present conditions, and leave us undisturbed by it for perhaps another century.

#### THE SPANISH SITUATION.

IT is perhaps too soon to measure accurately the consequences of the death of the King of Spain, but there can scarcely be a doubt that they will have an important

bearing upon the future of the nation. While Alfonso had been an amiable and patriotic sovereign, and the country had made some progress under his reign, he had restrained rather than encouraged the liberal impulses and tendencies of the more enlightened of his subjects; and now that he is gone, it is quite within the range of possibility that the opportunity will be regarded as a fit one for the reassertion of the claims of the Republic upon whose ruins he ascended to power. For the present, the five-year old daughter of the King will be Queen, under the Regency of her mother; but a child in the nursery will not inspire old-time reverence for the authority of the Throne, and, unless all experience is at fault, the Regency will expose both the Throne and the country to intrigues and conspiracies which will make stable and coherent government wholly impossible. At this distance, the Republic seems to be the only way to ultimate peace; but its immediate establishment can only follow upon revolution. Señor Sagasta, the leader of the moderate monarchists, who has come to the front, apparently regards the co-operation of the liberal elements in the country as essential to peace and stability of administration, and this is a fact not to be lost sight of in any estimate of the possibilities of the situation. It will be remembered that Sagasta made terms some months ago with the extreme liberals of the monarchical party, agreeing, as a basis, upon universal suffrage, civil marriage, greater freedom of the Press, trial by jury, and some other similar reforms. His former administration commanded the support of Señor Castelar, the most advanced of the liberals, and it will be a fortunate circumstance if he can succeed now in enlisting the same popular ally.

#### HIGH LICENSE OR PROHIBITION?

THE liquor question has reached an importance which challenges the thoughtful attention of every good citizen. More capital is invested in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages than ever before. The liquor interest has become a power in politics, and in some of our larger cities practically controls elections. In New York a large proportion of the recently elected Aldermen are liquor-sellers. But the increasing power of the liquor interests is met by a steady increase in the opposition. At the recent election in this State, the Prohibitionists cast 30,000 votes, and such a demonstration of strength cannot be disregarded. Throughout the country various forms of legislative restriction of the sale of liquor are commanding a wider support. Maine, the home of Prohibition, and distant Kansas, where Prohibition has been the law for several years, both remain faithful to the principle. Other States have from time to time adopted similarly rigid enactments. At present, Maine, Vermont, Kansas, and Iowa have prohibitory laws, and the question has caused a new division of the voting force in Georgia, where all but 14 of the 137 counties have declared for Prohibition. In Illinois and Nebraska a system of High License prevails.

Which is the wiser course, High License or Prohibition?

Those who wish to answer this question honestly will be materially aided by recent reports upon the working of the High License system in Nebraska and Illinois. Take the former State. In the City of Omaha, fifty-seven of the worst saloons have been closed, in spite of a great increase in population, and the income to the city from the saloons paying the high tax was enough to pay the salaries of all the schoolteachers, with \$50,000 over. Moreover, the political power of the saloon-keepers has been broken. In Lincoln, the capital of the State, there are twenty-two saloons, or one to every thousand inhabitants, while in Philadelphia there are 6,000 saloons, or one to every 150 inhabitants. In Lincoln a license costs \$1,000; in Philadelphia, \$50; and the saloons of the latter city under the Low License system are more numerous than the bakeries and groceries combined. Take Illinois. In the City of Chicago the High License Law has increased the city's revenue from \$200,000 to \$1,500,000, and reduced the number of saloons from 4,900 to 3,300. In Hyde Park, a suburb of Chicago, there is scarcely one-half the former number of saloons, notwithstanding an increase in population; the income has been multiplied tenfold, with a consequent reduction in taxation, and the number of arrests, a significant point, has decreased from 1,895 to 678. In Springfield there has been a reduction of 33 per cent. in the number of saloons, and an increase in the revenue from them of 231 per cent. Similar results are reported from the smaller towns of the State. In some no licenses at all are granted, either from the inability of any resident to pay the required tax or on account of a local vote against the issuing of licenses. Some of the reports are worth especial attention. Cairo reports the increase of revenue fifty per cent.; decrease of saloons nearly fifty per cent.; decrease of notable intemperance thirty per cent. Tolona reports that the business of the police courts has been diminished ninety per cent. In short, the revenues of the State of Illinois have been increased from \$700,000 to over \$4,500,000, the number of saloons reduced from 13,000 to less than 9,000, and the system is heartily supported by the best elements of both parties. The license fee in Nebraska is \$1,000, and in Illinois, \$500. In both States local option prevails.

As to Prohibition, every impartial observer knows the

impossibility of rigidly enforcing a prohibitory law in large cities. The truth is, that such legislation does not receive the support of many who honestly believe in Temperance. The results in Nebraska and Illinois have been compared with the results of Prohibition in Kansas and Iowa, and it is stated that in the cities of the latter States there are proportionately more places where liquor is sold than in the towns and cities of Nebraska, while, of course, no revenue is derived from its sale. The revenue is important, but not of the first consequence.

The all-important point is to find the best way of limiting the liquor traffic and diminishing its evils. The facts cited show that these results have been reached by High License, and the practical working of the system should commend it to all friends of Temperance. The question is coming to the front in New York and Pennsylvania as well as in New England and the West, and the intolerance of the Prohibitionist may be productive of as much harm as the intolerance of the saloon-keepers.

#### THE LATE VICE-PRESIDENT.

IN the death of Vice-president Hendricks, the country has lost one of its most popular and conspicuous public men. More nearly than any other man in its ranks he represented the views and wishes of the party with whose struggles and history he had been for over forty years prominently identified. A vigorous partisan, he held tenaciously to the old-time tenets and traditions of his party, and was slow to accept those ideas of progress as to methods of administration and the qualifications of officials which have in these latter years found recognition in party platforms. He believed that every Administration was entitled to select its subordinates from the ranks of its own followers, with reference to no other standard than that of capacity and integrity, and he made no secret of his opposition to the policy which proposed to ignore partisan service as an element of supreme value in the consideration of the claims of applicants for office. Mr. Hendricks, however, with all his ability and great experience, was never in the highest sense a leader of his party. A habit of extreme caution always dominated his nature, and restrained him from adventuring upon demonstrations in advance of the party lines. There can be no doubt that his career, creditable as it is, would have been vastly more successful and useful had he been brave enough, in recent crises of our national life, to assume the high leadership for which his intellectual abilities admirably qualified him, instead of being content to follow other pioneers less able than himself.

In private life Mr. Hendricks was one of the most genial of men. Easy of access, courteous to all, considerate and kindly in every social relation, none knew him but to respect him. Perhaps the highest testimony that can be borne as to his character as a man, is afforded in the fact that some of his warmest personal friends were his political enemies. The sharpest political contests had never obscured his merits as a man, a friend, and a neighbor, in the eyes of his bitterest partisan opponents. In a long and stormy career, when other men grew rich in the public service, and few reputations escaped unspotted, he kept his hands clean and his name untarnished; and he goes to his rest sincerely mourned by men of all parties, and leaving a memory which time will not soon eclipse.

#### WARD'S ALLEGED ACCOMPLICES INDICTED.

TWO years ago the house of Grant & Ward was in such a high tide of prosperity as to be the envy of Wall Street, many of whose shrewdest men were attracted by its seductive offers. Now young Ulysses Grant is bankrupt; his illustrious father is dead; and Ward and Fish are both behind prison-walls in the garb of felons. Yet the great puzzle where the missing millions went is unsolved. The indictment of W. S. Warner and J. H. Work for conspiring with Ward to defraud the Marine Bank may and should yield the desired explanation. District-attorney Dorsheimer insists that the method of Ward could not be classified as "business" at all, and that every man who took more than six per cent. for money placed in the hands of that incomprehensible rascal can be compelled to restore the surplus. If this view should be supported and enforced by the Court, it would involve the restitution of nearly \$7,000,000, unlawfully diverted, of which Messrs. Warner and Work are understood to have received the larger share.

It is difficult to prove the existence of a conspiracy, which, in the nature of the case, must have been secret and surreptitious; and it is difficult to trace and get hold of money after it has been stolen or pocketed as "profits." But, in the present case, the difficulty should be somewhat diminished by the eagerness which has always been professed by Mr. Warner to co-operate in a legal investigation of the mystery. He is to be congratulated on having at last the long-wished-for chance of proving to the satisfaction of a court of law that he was honest and sincere in all his dealings; that he believed in the "Government contracts" which are now known to have been mythical; and that, when he was credited with a thousand per cent. on an investment, he really supposed it was a genuine profit due him. Work, it will be remembered, is a partner of Davies, who became receiver of Grant & Ward, and Warner, his brother-in-law, did business in the same office. This should simplify mat-



ters, and make it easier for them to demonstrate that they are now being persecuted. And, whatever the issue of the trial, Warner and Work must be able to throw some light on the hiding-place of the plunder.

#### THE STERLING APPOINTMENT.

Governor Hill, in the appointment of George H. Sterling to be Port Warden, has put himself squarely on record as against Civil Service Reform. Sterling had been a candidate for the humble position of Custom House Weigher, but had failed to obtain it in a competitive examination; whereupon the President dropped him and appointed to the vacancy the man who established his claim to it under Civil Service rules. For Governor Hill to take him up now and appoint him to a far better office without any examination at all, is directly to take issue with the President concerning the wisdom of the laws governing the Civil Service. Governor Hill is reported to have appointed Sterling in order to emphasize the fact that "active participation in public affairs does not disqualify a man for public office." But is that the issue? Has Sterling ever participated in "public affairs" except by "setting up the pins" in his Ward in Brooklyn? Is it wise for Governor Hill, especially if he have higher aspirations, to make appointments in the State service by rules exactly contrary to those which have been framed into law by the National Congress? Is it wise for him to appoint to a responsible position a man who openly declares that he "asks no odds of Cleveland," and that he longs for a chance to get even with the Administration? Moreover, is it quite fair to the merchants and ship-owners of this port to put their interests into the hands of a man whom the Civil Service Board has rejected as unfit to discharge the duties of a mere Weigher in Brooklyn? Is this the deliberate and conciliatory course of a statesman?

#### OUR TRADING SHIPS.

THE total value of our foreign commerce in merchandise, according to the Government report for the fiscal year of 1885, was \$1,388,588,165, including exports to the value of \$742,000,000. The exports of gold were \$42,000,000, and the imports \$43,000,000. We trade more extensively with Great Britain than with any other country. Among the nations having a foreign trade, Great Britain stands first, and then follow Germany, France and the United States, in the order named. The gold exports from this country decreased \$32,000,000, and the imports of merchandise \$90,000,000.

Within the last ten years, our exports of manufactured articles have increased materially; notably those of cotton and of iron and steel, including hardware tools and sewing-machines; of clocks, watches, agricultural implements and locomotives. But the growth of our manufacturing industries is not shown alone by our increased exports; it is evidenced also by the very decided decrease in the imports of manufactured products, and the corresponding increase in the imports of crude or partially manufactured articles. We are gradually becoming a manufacturing as well as an agricultural nation.

Another noticeable fact in our foreign trade, is the steady decrease in the value of the traffic carried on by vessels bearing our national flag. During the last fiscal year only 14.6 per cent. of the trade was done by American vessels; of the total tonnage which entered our ports during that period, amounting to 12,000,000 tons, only 2,800,000 was American.

There are indications that an effort will be made at the approaching session of Congress to secure legislation designed to give an impetus to American ship-building through a system of bounties somewhat on the plan adopted by France. The facts remain, however, that we cannot build ships as cheaply as Great Britain; that we cannot run them so cheaply; that there is a great foreign monopoly to fight; that Continental nations themselves buy on the Clyde when their interests are served by so doing; and that the spirit of the times is opposed to the pampering at the public expense of any industry which has not sufficient strength to make its own case good by at least some show of ability to compete on its merits with foreign rivals. One thing is indisputable, and that is, that there should be a revision of the onerous port charges and altogether too numerous consular taxes, which are of vastly more benefit to politicians than to the commercial interests of this country.

#### THE ACADEMY AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

THE progress which American artists are making is well attested by the improvement which each successive Academy Exhibition shows over its predecessor. There was a period about five years ago when the paintings shown at the Spring exhibitions of the old institution had so low an average of merit as compared with those displayed at the exhibitions of younger and smaller organizations, and when so great a stagnation seemed to invest its management that grave fears were expressed that the Academy had outlived its usefulness and was nearing its end. Happily, however, these fears were not realized. Time, the restorer, ultimately averted this peril; the older artists became simultaneously imbued with a desire to improve; the younger painters began to show the results of good schooling, both at home and abroad; and both classes tacitly agreeing to send their best and most representative work to the institution—which had done so much for the cause of art in American—critics and connoisseurs were enabled, for the first time in several years, to bestow praise honestly upon the Spring exhibition. The next year an Autumn exhibition was suggested and held, and with such encouraging results that it has now become not only a fixture, but one of the most important events of each recurring art year.

The present and fourth Autumn exhibition, which opened to the public last week, is, on the whole, a good and satisfactory one. There are many poor and unimportant works; but, on the other hand, there are enough thoroughly good and strong canvases to more than overbalance the former, and to make the standard of the exhibition comparatively a high one. Some 675 pictures have been accepted, necessitating the use of all the galleries; this being the first time that they have been employed at any Fall exhibition. The Hanging Committee, which also this year acted as a Jury of Admission, have hung the canvases, as a rule, acceptably, and no glaring injustice has been done. This committee, which includes such

strong men as Winslow Homer, George Inness, Harry Chase and A. C. Howland, have this year made their influence felt also in the equally important matter of subordinating, as far as possible, the works of certain fossilized academicians—who are color-blind and color-mad, and who cling tenaciously to the amount of space on the line given them by an equally fossilized rule of the institution—to stronger and better paintings by the younger men. The majority of the pictures shown are landscapes, and most of these have as their motives the scenes and atmosphere of Autumn. There are a few figure pieces and *genres*, a small number of portraits, a dozen marines, and a score of flower pieces in the corridor.

The best pictures in the exhibition, with the exception of F. S. Church's weirdly characteristic "Who Are You?" Percy Moran's "Mikado Maiden," W. Bliss Baker's glittering and elaborate but somewhat metallic "Morning after the Rain," and Frank Fowler's dainty and refined female head, are to be found in the large South Gallery. The picture of the exhibition, Winslow Homer's "Herring Net," one of those strong and individual canvases in which this masterly artist tells, as only he can tell, a vivid, striking story of the sea, hangs on the east wall of this room; and on the south wall is Edward Gay's large, vigorous, breezy, clear-atmosphered "Washed by the Sea," with its superb distance and light effect, but, alas! its somewhat hard and spotty sky. In this room also are Margaret W. Lesley's speaking likeness of a young artist, with its simple yet telling technique, its natural pose and expression; William Morgan's large figure piece, "The Hope of the Family," the pose and expression of the young mother with the child on her lap, and of the young boy looking up in her face beautifully rendered, albeit the canvas is a little too smoothly painted; V. D. Millet's Alma Tademaish "Potter's Daughter," with superbly molded arms, and rich and fine expression, but poorly painted marble; and B. S. Nichol's well drawn and richly painted female head, "The Sibyl."

In this brief notice it is impossible to do more than allude to the pictures most worthy of attention and consideration, but mention must yet be made of the breezy, vigorous Autumn moorlands of M. de F. Bolmer, of C. Warren Eaton's and C. Harry Eaton's tender and feeling Autumn landscapes; and of J. Francis Murphy's lovely tone studies. The galleries are well worthy of the attention and study of all lovers of art.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE English elections opened last week with a series of surprises as gratifying to the Conservatives as they were disheartening to the Liberals. The boroughs, which were formerly the Liberal stronghold, have shown so strong a Tory reaction that Lord Salisbury and his party were for a time not only confident of a plurality over the Liberals in the next House of Commons, but even contemplated the possibility of a majority great enough to make them independent of aid from the Parnellites. Thus far, as a rule, there has been discouragement even in the few Liberal gains. John Bright's comparatively small majority, and the election of Sir Charles Dilke by a majority still more slender, have been more than offset by the actual defeat of two ex-Cabinet Ministers—Mr. Hugh Childers and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. The polling in the Scotch boroughs, however, shows an undiminished number of Liberal votes; and in Midlothian, Mr. Gladstone has received the splendid majority of 4,634 over Mr. Dalrymple. A summary of the results of the elections up to Friday night gives the total number of seats filled as follows: 128 Liberals, 127 Conservatives, and 19 Parnellites. Still, any sweeping prediction on the score of these successes would be premature at the present writing. A considerable number of the boroughs have not yet been heard from, and the counties have yet to speak. The Liberals count upon shaking the traditional Tory ascendancy in the counties, the representation of which has been increased by the operation of the Redistribution Act, in proportion as that of the urban constituencies has been diminished. The probability is that the majority either way will be small, and that the Parnellites will still hold the key to the situation.

Dispatches from Rangoon during the week have reported the successful progress of the British expedition up the Irrawaddy River; and if Gen. Prendergast's programme be carried out, he will have reached Mandalay before the publication of this paragraph. The appointment of four British Deputy Commissioners and four Assistants to arrange for the civil government of Burmah indicates that Great Britain is to quietly annex that rich and ancient kingdom. It is not likely that King Thebaw's soldiers will be able to make any formidable defense; and the British, on their part, will doubtless be more energetic in commercially utilizing their prize than in revolutionizing the political, social and religious institutions of the country.

The armistice proposed by the Powers of Europe finds Prince Alexander wearing the laurels of the brief but decisive fight between Serbia and Bulgaria. The positions of the two forces are reversed, and the Bulgarians are now the invaders, having driven the Servians back over the frontier, and attacked their fortified town of Pirot. King Milan has little heart to continue the struggle. The chance of increase of territory, for which Serbia went to war, is lost to her, and Bulgaria, as conqueror, will demand an indemnity. King Milan had to contend with political plots before the present trouble began; and now that he is in disgrace, the possibility of dynastic changes in Serbia is discussed.

ONE of the significant facts which appears in the full canvass of the votes cast at the recent election in this State is that the smallest Democratic plurality is that of Gen. Jones over Gen. Carr, for Lieutenant-governor, this being only 3,162. Carr is a Catholic, and it was thought he might lose some Republican votes on that account; but the result shows that it was an element of strength.

MISS HELEN TAYLOR's candidacy for the British Parliament has met with the usual obstacles; the returning officer declined to count her votes at all. Whereupon she protests, on the ground that "there is no positive enactment against the return of women to Parliament." But the inference and implication of the whole English law are against it, and tradition and intention should be respected. It is only by having special laws enacted that women can vote in America or get into Parliament in England.

POLITICAL methods in Ohio seem to be growing more and more disreputable. The latest infamy reported is in the nature of an effort to secure the resignation or absence of enough Republican members of the Legislature to defeat the re-election of Senator Sherman. In the event that the Democratic candidates from Hamilton County shall be given certificates, the Republicans will have but three majority on joint ballot, and the aim has been to purchase two Republicans, the price offered in one case being five thousand dollars. The corrupt attempt appears to have failed, but there is an intimation that six Republican members of the House, who are

opposed to Senator Sherman, have pledged themselves to stay away from the opening of the Legislature, and so prevent the organization until after the time provided by the Constitution that the balloting for Senator shall commence. Should this scheme succeed, the Governor would have to appoint Mr. Sherman's successor until another Legislature was elected, which the Democrats believe they could secure.

THE Prohibition campaign which has agitated Atlanta, Georgia, for some weeks past, terminated on the 25th instant. The contest had been marked by extraordinary interest and excitement, the registration of voters reaching the unprecedented total of 9,000. The result of the election was a majority in the city of 321 against Prohibition. The country precincts of the county (Fulton) gave, however, a majority of 549 for it, so that the liquor traffic in the chief city of Georgia is prohibited virtually by the vote of its rural neighbors. The liquor-dealers propose to contest the legality of the action, and declare that they will carry the question through to the United States Supreme Court if necessary.

THE present House of Representatives numbers 325 members, of whom the Republicans, giving them one Greenbacker, will have 141, and the Democrats, counting all Greenback Democrats with the regulars, 184—a Democratic majority of 43. Nineteen State delegations have Democratic majorities; sixteen have Republican majorities; and Connecticut, New York and Illinois are equally divided. In the Senate, the Republicans will have eight majority and nineteen States; the Democrats, fifteen; while Indiana, Nevada, New Jersey and Ohio have each one Republican and one Democratic Senator. The present House has a larger proportion of new members than any preceding one for some years past; but among the new Representatives are several men of ability who will prove quite as useful legislators as those whom they succeed.

In one of his recent addresses to the electors of Midlothian, Mr. Gladstone said that while he earnestly desired Liberal unity, he "hoped the Liberal Party would split before sacrificing conscience." If the politics of the United States could be managed on this principle—of fidelity to conscience at whatever cost—what enormous gains would result to the country! As Gladstone added, "a party is an instrument for attaining great ends"; but it becomes an instrument of danger when it is employed for other ends than the highest good of the highest interests. Some day, possibly, the people will come to understand this, and bestow their support only upon those men who recognize principles as of higher value than expediency, and of more imperious authority than the commands of the partisan caucus.

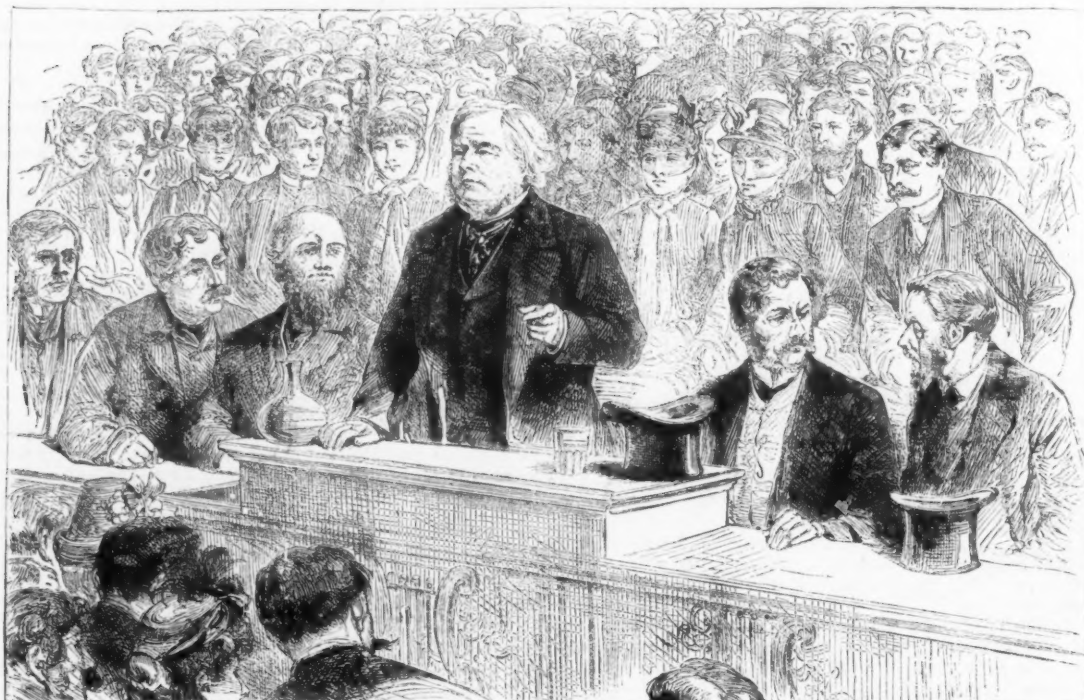
THERE does not appear to be any good ground for the belief which is entertained in some quarters that the Republicans of the United States Senate will interpose a factions opposition to the confirmation of nominations made by President Cleveland. In cases where there have been removals for purely partisan reasons, or where unworthy men may, from ignorance on the part of the President, have been nominated, the Republican majority of the Senate will, no doubt, exercise their constitutional privilege, and refuse confirmation unless a thorough review of all the facts shall justify approval; but this will be a very different thing from a wholesale rejection of nominations from purely partisan hostility. While the latter course might for a time embarrass the Administration, it would injure the Republican Party in the end, and secure to the President, ultimately, a measure of popular sympathy which would not otherwise be enlisted. So far as there has been any expression of opinion among Republican Senators, it is to the effect that President Cleveland's nominations will be treated by the Senate precisely like those of President Arthur. Certain Democratic Senators are likely to antagonize the President in a vindictive spirit, but they are few in number, and their motives are so well understood that their influence will scarcely be appreciable.

THE great pulsing heart of humanity ever longs for new ways to spend money. It is only when he is spending money in a way that cannot possibly do any good that man in his corporate capacity is entirely happy. Thousands of lives have been lost, and tens of millions of dollars spent, in the vain attempt to find the North Pole. The finder wouldn't have known what to do with it if he had got it; but that makes no difference with the tremulous anxiety concerning it which runs from age to age. Now an expedition is being organized to go to Egypt and verify, or at least test, Smith's measurements of the Monument of Cheops, especially of that inner chamber whose miraculous proportions are said to prove that the ancients knew everything which men know to-day—except, perhaps, how to talk to a telephone when it won't work. What great benefit is to be derived from the expedition does not appear. Who cares whether Smith was correct or mistaken? Who cares whether the first of the Pharaohs knew just exactly how much the earth measured around its waistband, or how much it wobbled on its axis? However, half a million dollars burns in somebody's pocket, and it must be spent. Afterwards let some enterprising tramp organize an expedition to measure the depth of the great crater of Manna Loa. Nobody knows at present, and Mauna Loa offers a fair target for the lunatic explorer. If somebody would climb down on a rope, he might add to the sum of terrestrial information, and get elected an honorary member of those geographical societies which are now bending all their energies to the collection of useless knowledge.

It may be trite, but it is an indisputable truth, that politeness is a first-class stock in trade for any person dependent on the public for patronage. It offsets a multitude of sins of omission and commission, and, other things being equal, that merchant or clerk will get ahead the fastest and make the most money—not to mention the matter of friends—who is the most polite. Every little while we have examples showing how a small investment of thoughtful kindness—which is the only true politeness—has paid the largest kind of dividends in unexpected cash. The Press has recently given considerable space to two notable instances. A young drygoods clerk in Utica was courteous to an old lady; the other day she died and left him \$1,000 in her will. But a still more remarkable illustration is the case of a young dressmaker living at Highland, Ulster County, in this State. While working in this city about a year ago, she befriended an old lady, who had lost her pocketbook, by loaning her a small sum of money, and afterwards assisting her from the horse-car in which they had met, and in safety to the sidewalk. The old lady asked her name and address, which were given. The dressmaker thought no more of the incident, until she received word from a Buffalo lawyer that this old lady had died and left her a fortune of \$50,000. If this were romance, and not an actual occurrence, people would say it was absurdly improbable. Every one who is equally polite will not receive a reward so wholly disproportioned to the service, but in each instance there is a wealth of satisfaction and comfort to every one who is habitually kind in deed.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 247.



ENGLAND.—THE LATE ELECTIONS.—MR. JOHN BRIGHT SPEAKING AT BIRMINGHAM.

INDIA.—LIEUT.-GENERAL H. N. D. PRENDERGAST, C.B., R.E.,  
COMMANDER OF THE BURMAH EXPEDITION.GERMANY.—ARRIVAL OF PRINCE ALBRECHT, THE NEW REGENT OF BRUNSWICK,  
AT THE RESIDENCE CASTLE.BULGARIA.—VOLUNTEERS PASSING THROUGH TIRNOVA, EN ROUTE FOR  
THE SERVIAN FRONTIER.

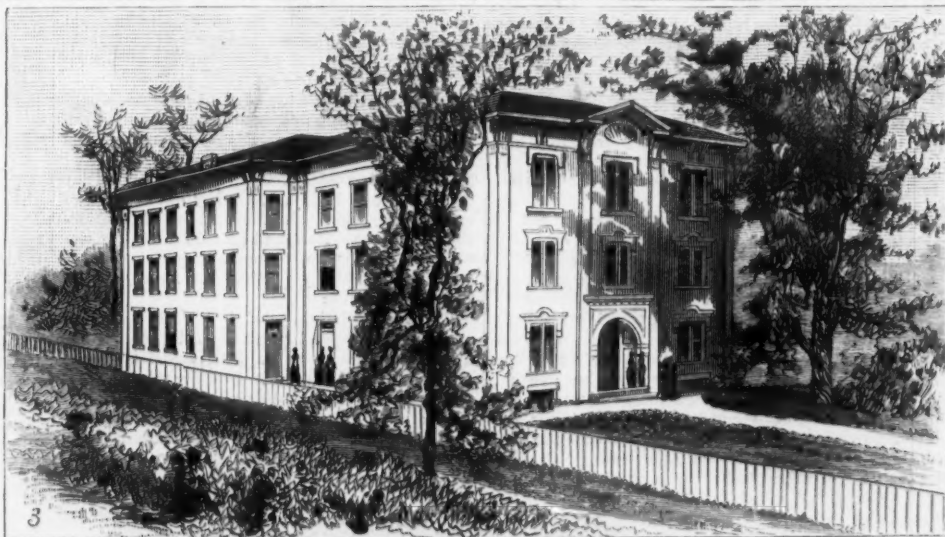
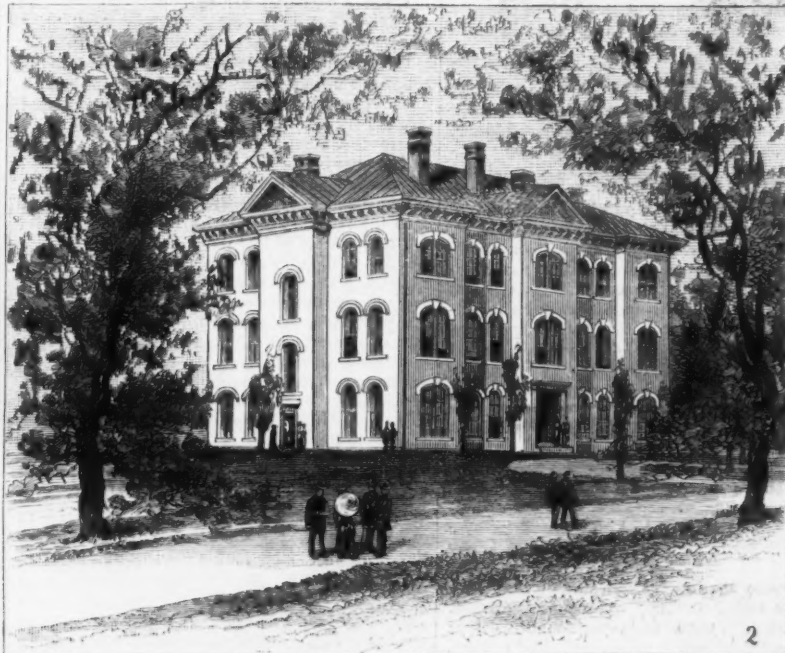
SERVIA.—SWEARING IN RECRUITS, AFTER THE LATE REVERSES OF THE ARMY.

GERMANY.—PRINCE ALBRECHT OF PRUSSIA,  
REGENT OF BRUNSWICK.





NEW YORK CITY. — "DOING THE SLUMS" — A SCENE IN THE FIVE POINTS.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST. — SEE PAGE 247.



1 Main Building. 2. Memorial Hall. 3. Medical Department, Louisville.

KENTUCKY. — THE CENTRAL UNIVERSITY AT RICHMOND, AND THE HOSPITAL COLLEGE OF MEDICINE AT LOUISVILLE.  
FROM PHOTOS. — SEE PAGE 249.



## A JUST TRIBUTE.

Respectfully dedicated, with their permission, to the  
Donkeys of Naples.

THE people who have been abroad  
Have often much to say  
Of Naples—its Museum—  
Vesuvius—the Bay;  
But the *Donkey Neapolitan*,  
That most superior creature,  
Is only mentioned, if at all,  
As a distinctive feature  
Of Naples' street scenes—  
Never yet has honor due been paid  
To its individual greatness,  
But the beast has not been made  
Who is the Donkey's equal  
In self-poised elevation,  
Above the change of circumstance,  
The fate of man or nation!  
You ask the ground for such high praise?  
Witness his calm repose  
Amid surrounding tumult,  
Beneath descending blows!  
Witness his scorn of lesser things—  
He does not seem to care  
Whether his head or tail is seized,  
To steer him here or there!  
He'll drag a load full twice too big,  
Unless he stops on principle:  
But if he stops—(oh, woful if!)  
His courage is invincible;  
Kindle a fire beneath him then,  
He'll shame the youth of Sparta;  
The fire may burn, but he will stand  
And die a "blessed martyr."  
Superior to Diogenes,  
He does not even need  
A tub to show his greatness off;  
For he who runs may read  
The Donkey's theory of life—  
Sufficient to himself,  
Indifferent to hurrying crowds  
Intent on power or pelf,  
He meets alike both good and ill,  
In all life's shifting scene,  
With calm superiority  
And "front always serene."

I hope all true souls will rejoice  
To have full justice done  
The little Naples Donkey—and  
I ask them, every one,  
To give this humble meed of praise  
The seal of their authority;  
But if they won't, I will remain  
A willing "small minority."

## TWO LETTERS.

## LETTER THE FIRST.

RUPERT—MY OWN DARLING RUPERT—I cannot tell you this, so well as I can write it. My father's written confession must be read; therefore, I will put down on paper also the few preliminaries necessary. Shall I dare ever give it to you? Honor demands it, and necessity, as inexorable as fate, requires it at my hands. My duty to you exacts that I should show you all I have so recently learned. I should be unworthy of your love did I hesitate—ah! I fear still more unfit when you know all.

You know how dearly I loved my mother, and when five years ago she was taken from me, it seemed as if my only friend were dead—for then I did not know you! My father was spared to me, it is true, but he was so cold, so stern, so unapproachable, that while I respected, I could not love him. I saw little of him, and when by chance we met, he was wrapped up in his own thoughts. He constantly wore that gloomy brow, unchanged, save from one degree of blackness to another; he rarely spoke to me, never smiled, never encouraged my young confidences. I have never felt his kiss, I have seen his moods when he frightened me, not by his words, for he never spoke unkindly, but by his looks and demeanor alone; and once, on a gloomy Autumn evening, as I was passing his chamber, I heard his anguished groans. We were well off in worldly prosperity, and every comfort and luxury my father willingly provided. But I was unhappy that I had no one to tell my little secrets to, none who would cheer my solitude, or who would love me and permit me to love in return. Then, Rupert, came the time when I first knew you. We learned to love each other. We became affianced; and, oh, I have been so happy since!

Then came that awful 17th day of November when my father did not appear at breakfast. When at length the housekeeper found his room locked, and her knock unacknowledged; when, towards noon, we broke in the door, and discovered him, stiff and stark, hanging to the bed-post, and a single line upon his desk, dated the 16th, merely saying, "I cannot endure another anniversary of this day! It is I alone who have done it. Too cowardly to live, I dare to die."

My father's lawyer came to me after the funeral. I gave him all the keys, with directions to do everything the law required. He soon brought a large package, securely sealed, and directed to me, with the legend underscored beneath, "On no account to be opened till my death." I tried to read it, but my brain whirled, and my heart sank within me at the very first lines. I forced myself to read on and finish—the catalogue of his crimes and my shame! You yourself noticed my depression yesterday, and spoke of it to me. This letter is my answer. This is my father's

## CONFESSION.

"My father was so intent on making money—the slave of his idolatry, the sole pursuit of his life—that he left me to grow up after my own devices. I was headstrong, without fixed principles, with considerable ill-digested and useless knowledge; but vicious, unprincipled and utterly regardless of the esteem or good opinion of my associates. As usual with a money-getting and money-loving man, he was sordid and niggardly. When I was just twenty-one, he suddenly died of an acute fever, and left me a fortune of between

fifty and sixty thousand pounds. His money was in the Funds, except a small cotton-mill in Lancashire, for cotton-spinning had been his original business.

"I found myself my own master, without any near relatives, and with an ample fortune, at a period in life when the passions are strongest, utterly without principle, and reckless of the future. No wonder that I yielded to every temptation, and gratified each passing whim. Accident made me acquainted with a beautiful girl, whose principles were on a par with mine, and whose aim was no higher. Uneducated and of low origin, yet she intuitively possessed the air and bearing of a lady; had seen enough, and had associated sufficiently with educated people to converse well; had a sweet, musical laugh and voice, and all the beauty of a siren.

"I took a house, installed her as my mistress, and thought myself happy! My chance friends congratulated me on my good fortune, and envied my position. No duchess could preside with more grace or loveliness over our *petit souper* than she. I was intoxicated with her fascinations, and lavished my money like water on her. Six months only had passed, when one day a male friend let drop some word that aroused my suspicions. What! said I to myself: Lena untrue to me! To my unregulated and morbid mind such thought were madness. It would kill me were it true. But it could not be! Still the barbed words rankled in my mind, and slight circumstances, which otherwise I should not have noticed, gave them significance. I told Lena I was going to my cotton-mill near Manchester, and might be gone a week. In disguise I watched her house, and to my intense anguish I found irresistible evidence of her perfidy. My dearest friend was her guilty paramour! Oh, that the madness (for I was really insane) that seized me then had carried me to the straitjacket and the asylum! No rest nor sleep nor food for eight-and-forty hours. I wandered round the river-bank and docks, and through the wretched slums and purlieus of vice and infamy. As I saw the huge dock-rats, startled by my approach, plunge into the Thames, I came near following their example! I stopped at a gunsmith's and wished to purchase a pair of pistols; but so wild my eye, so incoherent my language, and so trembling my hands, he refused to sell me. It was not till my third attempt, at a low, second-hand shop, that I succeeded in purchasing them. The man who sold them was the main witness on my trial!

"I had secured the weapons, and with them came a change in my train of thoughts. Why should I die, the innocent victim, as I deemed myself, and not she, the guilty principal? I knew she had spent one-half of my fortune; I thought I had lavished on her all my love, and should she escape unscathed—she, a perjured hypocrite, a forsworn deceiver? 'No!' said I, just as the distant bell of St. Paul's called off the midnight hour. 'No! she shall meet the fate she merits, and by my own outraged hand!'

"Then I became calm. Before daylight I arranged my whole plan for her deserved doom.

"I returned home. She received me with hypocritical smiles and honeyed words. How devilish she appeared to me in her fascinating apparel and her imperial loveliness! I invited her to dine at Greenwich. Thank God, I thought, it will be her last dinner! We went—all happened as I had planned. I shot her through her false heart, and plunged her body, weighted with a heavy stone, into the river! My injuries avenged, my victim for ever concealed!

"But God's eyes are never closed! Man's cunningest plans have flaws and loopholes. Her body was found three days later. Step by step, the police followed every little clue, and I was arrested by the hand of the law.

"The trial came on. My counsel—for with money any criminal is sure of the ablest advocates—said, 'I think we will pull you through.' But the sleuth-hound pertinacity of the detectives, the devilish ingenuity of the Attorney-general in joining discovered bits of circumstantial evidence, were too much for my defenders, and I was found guilty, as I deserved to be.

"Punishment follows quick upon conviction in England. The chaplain came to offer his ghostly consolations. 'Off! off!' I replied; 'there is no God, no futurity. Here we strut across the stage of life, and pass off through the flies into extinction and nothingness!' The death-warrant was read to me. I heard it with unconcern. I cannot describe the precise form my madness had assumed. It was too illusive, too shadowy to grasp; but I was as mad as any lunatic in Bedlam! The procession was formed; the voice of the chaplain, reading the introductory passages for those under sentence of death, was heard; the scaffold was ascended, my hands were bound, my eyes blindfolded, the rope placed round my neck, the knot slipped under my left ear, and the crucial instant had arrived when in one minute I should pass through the dark portals, and read the unknown secrets of futurity. The executioner stepped to the spring that held up the trap-door on which I stood, and a great hush fell on the assembled multitude. Then he touches the knob, and I am launched into eternity!

"A hum, as of ten thousand angelic voices, fills my ears; that sensation of being hanged, an intense white light, brighter and whiter than ten thousand calcium lights, surrounds me; then I feel myself falling through infinite space, down, down, down—it seemed an hour, and was the fraction of a second—when a rude shock is felt, and I become insensible.

"I feel water dashed upon my face. Aroused by it, I find myself bruised and bleeding, lying under the gallows, and a broken rope dangling above my head! The resources of the executioner are not exhausted. Another rope is produced. Again are the same formalities gone through with. Once more am I launched into eternity. Again I

hear the cries sounding in my ears—not angels, but demons now; again the intensest white light, as if a reflection of the great white throne, and Him who sat thereon; again a fall, seeming to endure through centuries of time; again a crash, and once more I lay crushed and insensible beneath the instrument of execution, for once again the rope had broken! Cries and execrations arose from the spectators. The horrible scene was too brutal even for the calloused senses of those most familiar with it.

"But the majesty of the law must be maintained. The death-warrant required the execution to take place between nine and twelve on that fatal Friday. It was already half-past eleven! A minion of the executioner was sent in hot haste for a new and secure rope. Long was I insensible, and when at length I became conscious of pain and suffering, it was to hear the loud remonstrances and execrations of the lookers-on. The new white rope arrived at ten minutes before noon. The hangman seized it; waxed it carefully, so its play would be certain; spliced the fatal noose; and as the clock's hand pointed to five minutes before the limit in the warrant, hastily fastened it to the cross-bar, lest his victim might escape. Again the trap falls! This time the cries are diabolical in the wearied ears—the white light of death seems to my exhausted eyeballs red and lurid, like the everlasting fires of Gehenna! And for the third time I fell, as if from the zenith to the nadir, a wreck of insensible humanity! In the frenzied hurry of the executioner, the new rope had not been properly fastened to the cross-beam, and the jerk of my fall had detached it!

"The clock of St. Clement's strikes the hour of noon. The warrant was exhausted. The hungry demon of the law was foiled for once. The eager officials dared not execute the criminal after the hour was passed. I was taken, thrice hanged, but not executed, to the hospital of the prison. The community were indignant. Petitions poured into the Home Secretary for my pardon. The Press unanimously took up the same demand. It said such an unheard-of, almost impossible, combination of occurrences was the finger of Heaven pointing to my innocence. The Home Secretary could not resist public opinion, and my unconditional pardon was recommended to the Queen and Privy Council, and it was granted. Still I was guilty.

"Long I lay in the hospital between life and death. I, for one, cared not which. At last life conquered, and I again entered the world. I found I had my cotton-mill and fifteen thousand pounds still left. I changed my name, and went to Liverpool, where I was personally unknown. The American war had broken out. I was one of the first to believe that, between the intense enthusiasm of the South and the dogged pertinacity of the North, the war would be a long one, and cotton would be worth a fabulous price. I sold out my Funds and invested the amount in cotton. I pledged the cotton as collateral, and used the money borrowed upon it to buy more. And I bought and hypotheated, and bought again, till, after the Campaign of the Wilderness, when cotton was worth one-sixth the value of silver, pound for pound, I sold all I had, making upon it over a 'plum'—one hundred thousand pounds sterling. I retired to a secluded village in a northern county, where, under my assumed name, I might live unknown. The curate called upon me, and though I avoided his acquaintance as much as possible, he kindly persevered, telling me if I had had trouble, it was not well to abjure one's fellows. I became acquainted with his daughter—your mother—and though I was pleased with her society, I had not the most remote idea of marrying her, or any one. I felt—perhaps properly so—that I was dead to the world. Suddenly her father died, and his stipend ended with him, so your mother was left without relatives and in poverty.

"It was then, from a mingled sense of regard and pity, I offered myself to her, and was accepted. My few years of wedded life were my happiest. At times my crime reproached me, but my mental condition was more healthy, and I could bear it better then.

"You know five years ago your mother left us for another world. After her death my mental disease broke out afresh. I dwelt upon my crime by day and by night. I recalled every minute incident, for not one ever faded from my memory. On each recurring 16th of November my agony seemed too great to bear. Each year for the last five I have gathered together the implements of suicide, and have scarcely been able to restrain myself from carrying my purpose into execution. Once have I prepared poison, once a razor, once pistols, and twice a rope.

"A year and a half ago I went to London, and consulted Sir John Ackerman, the celebrated expert in mental diseases. His reception-room was full, and I waited till near his closing hour before being admitted. He listened to so much of my story as I told him, asked many questions, and evidently became much interested in the peculiarities of my case. He found I lived far away to the north, and came up to London especially to consult him. Suddenly putting his hand on my shoulder, he said:

"I am much interested in your case—it presents some unusual psychological peculiarities, and I want to study it. Stay informally as a friend, and dine with me. I take it you have met with a great loss, or else some fearful fright; but let me study you at my leisure, and perhaps before the evening is over I can suggest something for your benefit."

"So unusual, and perhaps unprofessional, a request carried with it the force of a command. During the whole evening I could see he was studying the problem I presented. As I arose to go, I asked:

"Now, tell me frankly what you think of my case?"

"His reply was: 'Arouse yourself—fish, shoot, travel, go into politics or society, and forget all troubles and sad memories, if any you have. And come and see me six months from to-day.' 'That will be the 16th of November,' was my reply.

"The tone of my voice struck him, evidently. 'And why not on the 16th of November as well as any other day?'

"I made no reply, and he noted the engagement on his Reference-book.

"I left Sir John in despair. Alas! I to enter politics or society, whose only hope was to live out my few days in obscurity and retirement! From that hour my despondency increased. Since then I have not known an hour of happiness, or even peace. I brooded over my troubles with increasing gloom; my hair turned gray and my flesh left me. At the end of six months, on that fated anniversary, I again went to London, and called on the physician. He started at my appearance, asked me a few hasty questions, went through the formality of a few physical tests, and told me he should talk plainly to me, as to a man of sense.

"'You are breaking down,' he added, 'under some real or imagined great grief or trial. Were I you, I would at once put myself under the charge of some competent adviser in a Retreat—one I can confidently recommend to you—and undergo a course of remedial treatment.'

"And if not? I added.

"Then I fear lest your troubles will be too much for your health and reason."

"I paid my fee, and bowed myself out.

"So, I thought, in agony, 'death or a mad-house are my only alternatives! Better be death by far than unconsciously babbling about my crime and its punishment!'

"I had not gone twenty steps from the doctor's house when I took from my pocket a package of virulent poison, which I had long carried, and swallowed the whole! The dose was so powerful I was almost at once seized with vomiting, and threw most of the poison from my stomach. Kind passers-by supported me, and I was carried to the nearest hospital. I suppose the odor of the poison was apparent, for the physicians administered antidotes, and I was again saved.

"'Cannot I shake off this wretched life?—his Death a compact that he will never claim me?'

"I returned home broken and weary in body and soul. I had no confidant; my sorrows and sufferings are buried in my own heart. The punishment seems to me greater than my crime, terrible and enormous as that was. The culture of remorse is constantly gnawing at my vitals; the fear of discovery drives me to the very verge of madness. To-morrow is again that dreadful anniversary, and I have resolved to acknowledge and expiate my crime then by surrendering my life in obedience to the laws of God and man."

Dear Rupert, this is my father's confession. You now know all that I know of his crime and its punishment. And all this I was ignorant of till yesterday morning.

Now darling, good-by, and may God bless you for ever and ever. It is my duty never to see you again. You would not, you must not, ally yourself to the daughter of a murderer and a suicide. I have resolved to devote my remaining days in good works among the sorrowing, the needy and the suffering.

I shall pray for you ever, and hope to hear of your prosperity and happiness. CLARA.

## LETTER THE SECOND.

MY OWN CLARA—I have read every word that you have sent me, and I love my angel better and better. Your magnanimity and confidence touch my heart. Let us think whatever he may have done, under temptations so dreadful, has been expiated by a life of sorrow and a death of contrition; and as our tears fall upon his tomb together, let it be sealed up till the Day of Resurrection!

You, my own, who have never felt the delight of a father's affection, shall have it atoned for in the doubled devotion of a husband. What has been a young life of unrequited sympathy and silent regrets, I trust may now become one of mutual confidence and perfect happiness.

I will tell you much more of my love and devotion when we meet, but hasten to say that I may come to you at once. Your own RUPERT.

Extract from the *Sunderland Chronicle* of August 30th.

"On the 29th instant, at Abergale, in this county, by the Rev. James Wyatt, Rector of St. Swithin's Church, Rupert Longwood, Esq., of this city, to Clara St. Martin, only child of the late Joseph St. Martin, of Abergale."

## WHAT KENTUCKY IS DOING FOR HIGHER EDUCATION.

WE present on another page illustrations of the buildings of Central University, located at Richmond, Madison County, and at Louisville, Ky. While this institution was founded by the Presbyterians, it is not under the control of that denomination, its management being vested in a chancellor and fifteen curators, who have supreme authority. By this arrangement it was intended that the dangers which arise from exclusive State or Church control should be avoided, and the success of the University has demonstrated the wisdom of that provision.

The establishment of such an institution marks an era in the educational development of Kentucky. It is an illustration of the advance of its citizens in the higher forms of life, and affords conclusive proof that latter-day progress has made a permanent beginning in that State. It is pleasing to note that there is a general awakening among the people upon the subject of education. A more liberal sentiment is everywhere becoming manifest in regard to appropriations of money for school purposes. Better buildings are being erected, more competent instructors are being employed, and a more comprehensive course of study is required. The benefits of an education



are becoming more and more apparent to the people at large, and an intellectual development is now thought to be essential to an elevated standard of citizenship. A few years ago the maintenance of a really great institution of learning would have been an impossibility, but the progress of the people during the past fifteen years in educational development, has not only rendered it possible but probable, and now the eyes of the State are turned towards Central University as the source from whence it will draw its inspiration in that respect.

Kentucky is one of the grandest States in the Union. Its citizens are the soul of honor, and to be a Kentuckian is considered a distinction of which they are all proud. The State has passed through serious embarrassments. It has had many obstacles with which to contend, but its commercial growth along with its agricultural resources and advantages are fast bringing it to the front. Its railroads are multiplying, and its internal improvements are rapidly increasing, and now great pride is everywhere manifest in its general enlightenment. These conditions are paving the way for the final and complete establishment of the prosperous University presented in our columns this week.

The selection of Richmond as its site was most fortunate. Situated in the centre of the State, in one of its largest and wealthiest counties, in a community noted for its culture and sobriety, its surroundings cannot but be beneficial to such an institution. Law and order are held in the highest esteem, and liquor saloons and places of low resort are unknown. The town has a most charming situation. Its streets are broad and clean, its homes are models of taste and ornamentation, and its business is thriving and prosperous. It is in the midst of the most lovely portion of the famous blue-grass region of the State, near the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains, and has an altitude of five hundred feet above the Ohio River. Its healthfulness is also one of its chief attractions.

The institution is known as the Central University of Kentucky. It was founded in 1872. The sum of \$220,000 was then subscribed, while large amounts have since been added. Richmond gave \$101,000, and the late S. P. Walters, of that place, endowed a professorship by donating the sum of \$25,000. A subscription of \$1,000 endows a scholarship, which entitles the subscriber during life to maintain in the University a son, or some poor worthy young man, without charge of tuition fee, and thirty liberal-minded, generous citizens of the State have thus far availed themselves of that offer of the Board.

The general plan and organization of the University is upon a broad but elevated basis. Its curriculum is upon a par with the leading colleges of the country, and there is scarcely any form of scholarship that it does not teach. The course of study is divided into eleven departments, and embraces Latin, Greek, mathematics, English, and comparative philology, philosophy, chemistry and physics, geology, modern languages, physiology, commercial science and medicine.

The curators, in consideration of the limited number of schools in the State competent to prepare boys for college, established a preparatory department, and they consider that it is unsurpassed in its appointments. The courses of study cover four years, and afford the best possible preparation for admission into the Freshman Class.

The Faculty of the University is made up of gentlemen, eminent as scholars and instructors, widely known in the educational circles of the country, and they are giving to their work an energy and industry seldom manifested by college professors. The Chancellor, the Rev. L. H. Blanton, D.D., is peculiarly fitted for his position, and is rapidly extending the fame and influence of the institution throughout the South. In addition to his marked attainments in the field of science and letters, he possesses executive ability to an unusual extent, a quality especially necessary in establishing educational enterprises.

The students attending the University come from sixteen States, though 176 of them are from Kentucky. There are 239 in all, exclusive of the Medical Department, located at Louisville. They are registered as from Arkansas, Texas, Tennessee, Virginia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, North Carolina, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Kansas and Nebraska. This is a showing well calculated to inspire the friends of the University with a feeling of pride and satisfaction, and a hope that they will soon have an educational establishment equal to the demands of the South. It only remains for the friends of education in Kentucky to determine how great and grand that University shall be. If \$500,000 additional were bestowed upon it within the near future, the question of education in that section would be practically settled for ever. Its influence would be felt in every Southern State, and their sons would flock to its doors in countless hundreds. The idea of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, recently expressed, that the more colleges the better, is a most grievous error. Better have one great institution, magnificently endowed, possessing all the paraphernalia and accessories necessary in imparting correct instruction, than a dozen so weak and sickly that they stagger under the name of college, and are unable to do satisfactory work. The purpose of the people of Kentucky in raising its standard of education in its public schools several grades above the old methods, heretofore referred to, will be far more beneficial to the public at large than inefficient and poorly equipped colleges by the score.

The buildings of the University are three in number, and comprise what are known as "Memorial Hall," the main building, and the Hospital College of Medicine at Louisville. Those at Richmond are beautifully located, in the centre of a campus of twenty acres, on high ground, and command a most charming view of the surrounding country. The well-arranged walks, circling through an artistic lawn, give a pleasing effect to the entire surroundings. The representative of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER was generously received and hospitably entertained, not only by the Faculty, but by the friends of the University in Richmond, among whom he is pleased to mention ex-Governor James McCreery and Dr. A. Wilkes Smith.

The demands of the public for more liberal and better professional education aroused Central University to the necessity of establishing a well-equipped Medical Department, locating it at Louisville, and in 1874 it was opened as the Hospital College of Medicine. Its aim was to establish radical reforms in the methods of instruction then prevalent, and all who are informed of its work admit that it has been remarkably successful. Its clinical facilities being greater than those of any neighboring institution, that means of illustrative instruction has annually been sought by the better class of students. The gradual introduction of laboratory demonstration has made its clinical facilities doubly advantageous. Fresh from the

study of a given type of disease, a case presented at the clinic arouses deep interest, and the student is quick to avail himself of the frequent opportunities for personal examination of the patient. That method of instruction cannot fail to render the study of medicine easy and attractive. The Louisville City Hospital is located immediately opposite the college, and it may be stated, as an undisputed compliment, that three-fourths of its resident staff have been selected by competitive examination from the graduates of the Hospital College of Medicine. Matriculants who do not furnish evidence of sufficient preliminary education are required to pass an examination in English and Elementary Physics, or Natural Philosophy, it being a fundamental principle in the institution that the student must be prepared to enter upon the study of medicine; and it is unwilling to lend itself for mere gain to the questionable methods of turning out young men as doctors in medicine who are utterly unfitted to perform the duties of such a high calling. The faculty of the medical department embraces eight professors, two lecturers, and seven demonstrators. The splendid work it is accomplishing is sufficient evidence of the capacity of the Hospital College to carry out the noble work of reform in medical education which a growing public intelligence seems to demand.

#### "SLUMMING" IN NEW YORK.

"SLUMMING," so-called, was adopted as a fashionable distraction in London, not long since, and is a kind of pharisaical response to the "bitter cry of the outcast poor." It prevails in New York, as in all large cities. It usually consists of a very superficial inspection of a few of the best known and most easily accessible quarters of the degraded and destitute. Although the dangers of a walk through such a district as that of the Five Points, for instance, are more imaginary than real, the escort of a policeman is generally deemed necessary—a measure which in itself puts the slum population in an attitude of defiance, and defeats any real purpose on the part of the visitors to study beneath the surface. A mere promenade, however, through the region of dens, dives and rookeries, is instructive. The dregs of the population are seen in their habits as they live. What a gallery of pictures! What childhood and what old age! Chinese, Italians, Polish Jews, negroes, Germans, Irish, every race and mixture, herded together. Ruffians, imbeciles, old hags and starveling children stir about, occupied in the affairs of their squalid lives, or perhaps lounge the time away in some wretched drinking-resort. Vice and poverty are mixed up in a perplexing manner. It is necessary to understand the one in order to relieve the other. Happily, there are charities which know how to do this; and in the heart of some of the most disheartening slums, missions and schools radiate encouragement, help and enlightenment.

#### STORM AND WRECK.

THE storms of the early part of last week reached the climax of their violence on Tuesday, and a tidal wave submerged New Jersey, Long Island and New England coasts beneath the highest seas recorded in this region for many years. At the same time, wind, snow and rain endangered property and impeded travel along the Hudson River, as well as throughout the States of New York, Connecticut, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Ocean Grove, Asbury Park, Atlantic City, and other towns on the Jersey coast, suffered considerable destruction of property. Newark and Jersey City, and the water fronts of New York, were partially submerged by the high tides. Coney Island was cut in two by the sea, at Brighton Beach. From all points along the middle Atlantic coast serious damage and discomfort were reported.

The most exciting event of the storm was the wreck of the full-rigged British ship *Malta*, which we illustrate. After having almost completed a voyage from Antwerp to New York, she went ashore on the Jersey coast at Ocean Beach, nine miles south of Long Branch, at three o'clock on Tuesday morning. The captain (John Moulton, of Liverpool) had lost his reckoning in the storm, and did not know he was near the coast until the breakers appeared close under the bows of his ship. He could only put her bows on, and let her plunge into the sand some two or three hundred yards from the shore. Life-boat No. 7 was close at hand. The crew had sighted the vessel before she struck, and the inhabitants of the village gathered on the beach around a huge bonfire. They were soon reinforced by the crews of Stations 8 and 9; in the gray light of dawn the life-savers fired a rocket which carried a line over the ship. The "breaches buoy" was slung, and, one by one, the crew and officers, twenty-three in number, were hauled ashore. Only one man perished—a poor sailor who jumped or was washed overboard by the heavy seas, and never seen again. The life-savers and volunteers conducted themselves most gallantly. Superintendent Havens, in charge of the service on the New Jersey coast, was foremost in the work of saving life. The vessel, which was owned by Dixon & Sons, of Liverpool, and whose cargo consisted chiefly of empty petroleum-casks, is a total loss.

On Monday, the 23d inst., the two-masted schooner *Peacevale* also went ashore on the Jersey coast, near Ocean Grove, where she broke up.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### LIEUTENANT-GENERAL PRENDERGAST.

We give a portrait of Lieutenant-general Harry North Dalrymple Prendergast, C. B., R. E., who, thus far, has met with unimpeded success in his command of the British Expeditionary force in Burma. General Prendergast is an Engineer officer, first of the Madras Corps, and, since the reorganization of the Indian Army, of the Royals. He served in the Persian War, being present at the battle of Mohumzah; and in the Indian Mutiny at the siege of Dhar; and participated in several important actions, being twice severely wounded. He was mentioned in dispatches, and received the Victoria Cross for these services. Later, General Prendergast took a part in the Abyssinian Campaign, being present at the action of Arogee and capture of Magdala.

##### JOHN BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

Great personal interest centred in the recent political contest between John Bright and Lord Randolph Churchill, at Birmingham. The latter had valuable auxiliaries in Lady Churchill and the Duchess of Marlborough, who, at the head of 800 "Primrose Dames," made a house-to-house canvass in his behalf. Nothing, however, could

equal the enthusiastic admiration demonstrated by Mr. Bright's array of Birmingham constituents, which made the defeat of his juvenile rival a foregone conclusion. The veteran Free Trader addressed great meetings with his old-time vigor and eloquence, expatiating as usual on the benefits conferred on England by the abolition of the Corn Laws, and by the adoption of Free Trade. Our picture portrays Mr. Bright in the act of addressing one of his vast audiences in the Townhall.

##### PRINCE ALBRECHT, REGENT OF BRUNSWICK.

Prince Albrecht, the new Regent of the Duchy of Brunswick, formally entered the City of Brunswick, and, with his wife, took possession of the Residence Castle, on the 2d ult. He met with an enthusiastic reception. Replying to addresses, Prince Albrecht promised to follow in the footsteps of the late Duke, and to maintain cordial relations with Emperor William and the German Empire. Count Wrisberg, on behalf of the Council of the Regency, promised unswerving fidelity and loyalty to the Prince, believing that, as a true Hohenzollern, Prince Albrecht would govern the duchy with justice and clemency. Prince Albrecht is a nephew of the Emperor William, and was born in 1837. He was married to Marie, Duchess of Saxony, in 1873, and has three sons.

##### SERBIA AND BULGARIA.

The army of King Milan met with continuous disaster after the attack upon Sliwnitz, and was driven ignominiously back to the frontier by Prince Alexander. During the early part of last week, the Bulgarian headquarters were at Tsaribrod, and the Serbian at Pirot. King Milan, in disgrace everywhere, was reported to be massing his forces for a final attack upon the Bulgarians; but before this attack was made, it was officially announced that he had accepted the armistice proposed by the Powers. The Bulgarians, however, refused to entertain the proposition, and on the morning of Thursday, November 26th, Prince Alexander, at the head of fifty thousand Bulgarian troops, entered Serbia. One of our pictures portrays the hasty enrollment of a Falstaffian squad of recruits for the Serbian Army. Another illustrates the warlike enthusiasm of the Bulgarians, showing a troop of volunteers passing through the old capital, Tirnova, on their way to the frontier.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

DURING the month ending November 7th, 426 slaves were set free in the Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

The reports received at the Treasury Department indicate that the point where no more silver can be put in circulation has been reached. At present the Government holds \$75,000,000 that cannot be floated, and this sum is expected to steadily increase.

EIGHT Indians who were induced to enter the Northwest rebellion either by Riel's arguments or by his example, were hanged last week. There could be no doubt about their guilt, for they had confessed, and their leader acknowledged that he deserved to be hanged.

The Caroline Islands protocol is about to be signed by the representatives of Spain and Germany. Spain has conceded the same advantage to England that she has given Germany, in return for which England is to recognize Spain's sovereignty over the Caroline and Pelew Islands.

SERIOUS riots, growing out of the coal miners' strike, have occurred in the Monongahela Valley (Pa.) district during the past week. In several instances mobs of strikers have attacked non-union miners, beating them severely and forcing them to quit working. A company of mounted troops was dispatched to the scene of trouble on Friday last.

The publisher of General Grant's Memoirs says that the Grant estate will realize \$500,000 from the book, "and if the sale of the second volume equals that of the first, that sum will grow to \$700,000, all in the first year or two. After that it will come along in amounts dependent on the sale beyond the first batch of subscriptions. We count on 400,000 or 500,000 subscriptions."

ACCORDING to statistics laid before the National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association at its late meeting in Chicago, the annual value of dairy products in this country is \$100,000,000 greater than that of the entire wheat crop, and \$120,000,000 greater than that of the entire cotton crop; while the amount of capital interested in cows is said to be greater by \$40,000,000 than that invested in bank stocks.

THE greatest interest was felt in London in the result of the election in Midlothian. When it was announced that Mr. Gladstone had received 7,879 votes to 3,235 for Mr. Dalrymple, the enthusiasm of the Liberals knew no bounds. The triumph was certainly a grand one. At the last election the total vote was only 4,195, and the majority of Gladstone was but 400, while now, out of 11,124 votes, he gets a majority greater than the whole number of electors then.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S new poem, "The Earthquake," is ready for publication. The poem consists of a succession of stories relating to questions of religion and science. These stories are represented as being told by a gathering of fugitives who have fled from London during a supposed earthquake. Among the prominent persons of whom the poem contains sketches are Ruskin, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, Professor Tyndall, Mr. Leslie Stephen and Walt Whitman.

THE annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows that the total receipts from all sources of internal revenue taxation for the fiscal year ended June 30th were \$112,421,121, as compared with \$121,590,039 for 1884, \$144,553,344 for 1883, and \$146,523,273 for 1882. The largest collections were made in the State of Illinois, amounting to \$23,075,865; Kentucky second, with \$14,842,475; New York third, with \$13,823,645; Ohio fourth, with \$12,565,516; Pennsylvania fifth, with \$7,371,209; and Missouri sixth, with \$6,276,165. The smallest collection was made in Vermont, amounting to \$29,890.

LONDON papers state that there was more interest taken in the election of the School Board, which occurred three weeks ago, than in any parliamentary election that has taken place during the past fifty years. The Board consists of fifty-five members, who are elected in groups of five from eleven districts. Nearly all the old members were candidates for re-election, but only nineteen of them received a majority of the votes cast in their respective districts. Women are eligible to the London School Board, and several were chosen at the recent election.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WARD and his fellow-convicts at Sing Sing enjoyed an excellent Thanksgiving dinner, from which the traditional mince-pie was not omitted.

A DISPATCH from Peking says that all difficulty between France and China has been removed, and that negotiations between the two nations have been resumed.

THE New York West Shore and Buffalo Railroad was last week sold for \$22,000,000 to J. Pierpont Morgan, Channey M. Depew and Judge Ashbel Green, representing the bondholders of the New York Central.

A DISPATCH to the London *Times* from Calcutta says 5,000 people have been drowned and 150 villagers submerged in Orissa by a cyclone, and that 1,241 square miles in the Moorsheadabad and Hudea districts have been devastated.

A DANISH editor has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for writing and publishing an article insulting the King; and at Stockholm a journalist has been fined and sent to prison for five years for publishing articles insulting the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Princess Royal of Sweden.

THE Dominion Government has admittedly lost the entire French vote in Canada by the hanging of Riel. The *Toronto Mail*, the chief organ of the Canadian Government, admits that the Quebec Bleus have been turned against the Government. The feeling against the present Administration is daily growing stronger in Ontario.

THE valuation of Massachusetts, as just reported, shows a net increase of \$25,469,365 over that of the previous year. The increase on real estate is \$29,541,187, and the decrease on personal property is \$4,071,822. The total of real and personal property is \$1,782,349,143, an increase of nearly \$200,000,000 during the past five years.

PERSONS who dispute the value of tree-planting as a means of repairing our damaged forests and saving our diminishing rivers should study the statistics relating to this subject sent from Germany by Mr. Harper, a United States consul there. It is shown that since 1876, less than ten years ago, there has been an increase of 152,546 acres of forest in Germany, a result brought about by replanting common and waste land.

It is reported in Washington that the Austrian Government will not send an Ambassador to this country until somebody is chosen to succeed Keiley at Vienna. Baron von Schaeffer, the Austrian Minister, returned home several months ago on sick leave, and he has since been placed on the retired list. The relations of the two Governments do not appear to suffer in the least from the vacancy of these diplomatic positions.

THE Chicago Columbus Centennial World's Fair and Exposition Company has just been incorporated, with a capital of \$1,000,000. The object is to hold an international exposition in Chicago in 1892, which will celebrate the fourth centenary of the discovery of America. At the same time it is proposed to erect a colossal statue of Columbus, resting on a vaulted pedestal, in which will be deposited a history of each country participating.

THE report of the Commissioner of Pensions shows that there were on the 30th of June last 345,125 pensioners. During the year there were added 35,768 new names and 1,835 reinstatements. During the same period the names of 15,233 pensioners were dropped from the roll for various causes, leaving a net increase of 22,369. The amount paid for pensions during the year was \$64,978,435, an increase in amount over the previous year of \$8,069,838.

It is said that President Cleveland will recommend to Congress, regarding the Indians, the adoption of the allotment-in-severalty plan, including the industrial and agricultural education of the Indian with the revenues from the surplus land in the reservations left after the allotments have been made. The Message will also recommend the faithful performance of all treaty stipulations and such a reorganization of the Indian service as will insure greater honesty and efficiency.

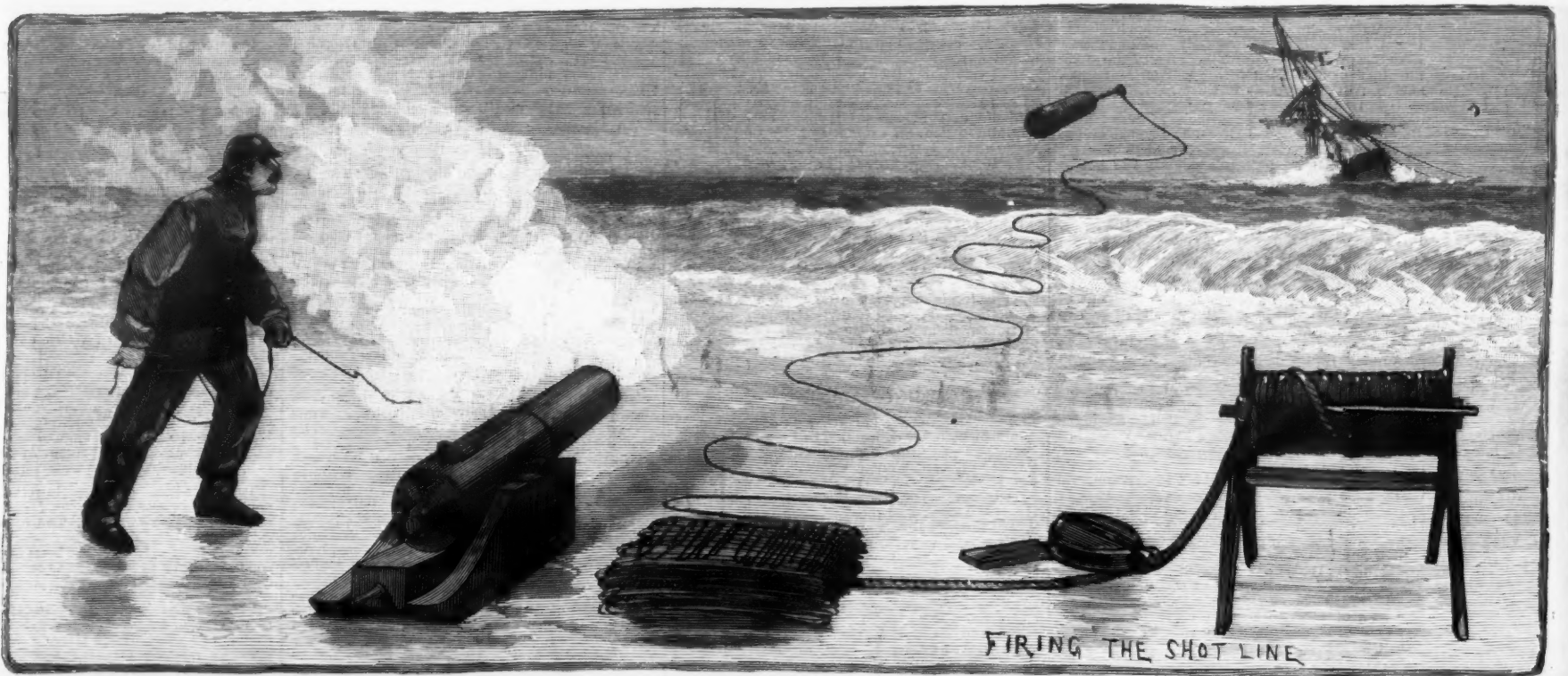
THE Circuit Court in Cincinnati has made a decision in the contested election cases in that city, directing the Clerk of the County to issue certificates of election to the four Republican candidates. The Court announced the figures of the vote as it should be after the corrections made by the application of the principles followed by the majority of the Court. This gives to the Republican candidates from 33,472, the lowest, to 33,734, the highest, and to the Democratic candidates, from 33,140, the lowest, to 33,417, the highest.

IN the light of a recent revelation, it is easy to understand the significance of the glowing accounts of the progress of the Panama Canal, which from time to time come to us. A Paris paper says that M. Lavielle, the newly appointed French Consul at Panama, who was charged by Premier Brisson to report on the progress that has been made in the work on the Canal, is connected with the Panama Canal Company, and took out with him a report already prepared, with the object of inducing the Government to agree to the issuance of lottery bonds to the value of 600,000,000 francs.

THE French Government seems indisposed to abandon its Eastern adventures. In a speech to the Chamber of Deputies last week, M. Brisson, Prime Minister, declared that the Government would not consent to the evacuation of Tonquin; the honor of France was involved; withdrawal would be fraught with disaster; the enterprise must be carried to a successful issue, but the Government wished to reduce the troops in Tonquin gradually. As regards the Government's course in connection with Madagascar, they said it would be difficult to decide before January, because negotiations were proceeding with the Hovas.

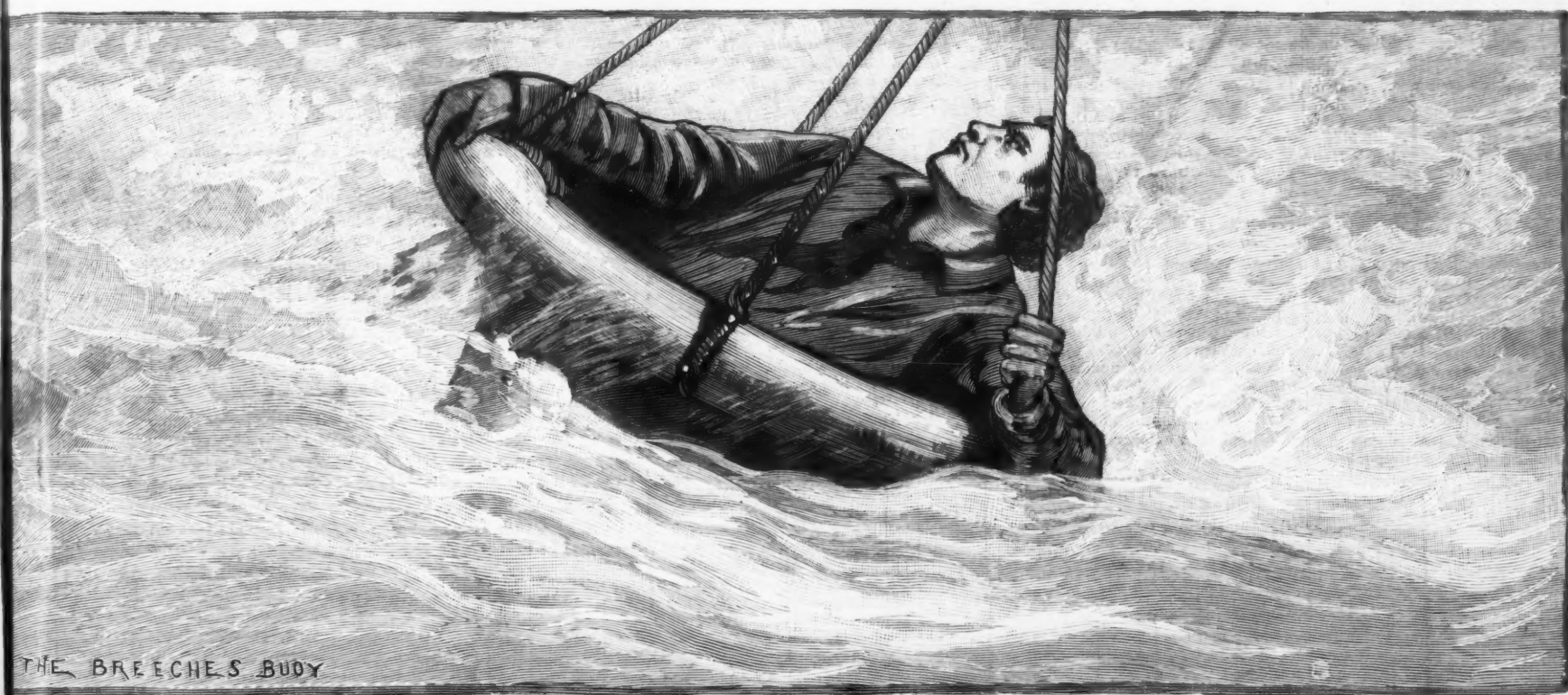
THE limited renewal of the Latin Union puts an end to any hopes that may have been entertained of a resumption of silver coinage in Europe. The new arrangement recently effected between France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and Greece, is for five years, and after that, from year to year, subject to one year's notice of termination. It continues the suspension of silver coinage, no states being allowed to resume such coinage without a meeting of the Monetary Congress to determine the conditions, and at the termination of the convention the balances of silver coin of one nation remaining in the hands of another nation shall be redeemed in gold. This is, in effect, an adoption of the gold standard, with provision for retaining in use the amount of silver coin existing in the five countries.





THE RECENT DISASTROUS STORM ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST.—LOSS OF THE BRITISH SHIP "MALTA," OFF OCEAN BEACH, ON NOVEMBER 11, 1885.—THRILLING SCENES AND INCIDENTS.—FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATIONS.





THE BREECHES BODY



ON THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER 24TH—GALLANT CONDUCT OF THE CREWS OF LIFE-SAVING STATIONS 7, 8 AND 9.  
 S.—F. SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 247.



## A Husband of the Period; Or, A Modern Mormon.

By REBECCA FORBES STURGIS.

Author of "A Miserable Mistake," "A Terrible Crime," "The Mormon Wife," "His Enemy's Daughter," "Adam Talmage's Wife," etc.

### CHAPTER XIII.

VERONA was alarmed at the change in Philip as the weeks went by, and no tidings of the missing wife were received. The Church sought to hide the mysterious disappearance from the knowledge of the Gentiles in their midst; but it became known, and caused a great deal of muttering. The unbelievers did not dare to speak out boldly, for the emissaries of the Church visited sure and condign punishment upon all who displeased them. Yet the whisper went around that the unfortunate wife had been the subject of foul play. Perhaps Mr. Gay had left her in the lurch alive, and perhaps he had not. It was a strange place for one to take a delicately nurtured woman in such a storm, and expect her and a young child to survive. Then others contended that he might not have done the deed, perhaps was not even privy to it, but the Church had dealt with the offender, for the Apostles had sworn to check insubordination; since the advent of the railroad, and the coming of the unwelcome Gentiles in their midst, the women had been more difficult to manage. Springtime was approaching, and Philip had given up all hope. He never mentioned the subject any more to Verona, but she knew that he had not forgotten. There were times when he thrust her rudely away when she approached him, and scarcely replied to her remarks. Her disposition was not meek, and she resented his treatment loudly. Why should he mourn for that woman and her child? For her part, now that it was over, she was glad the termination had left her sole mistress of the heart and home of the man she had loved so well.

The matter was talked over in the Church. The leaders concluded that some action must be taken, or the wealthy lawyer would apostatize and go East. Brigham Young, ever ready for all emergencies, suggested that he be sent to Washington on a mission concerning some points of the Government policy. Philip accepted the mission readily. He wanted a change. He could not forget the innocent eyes of the child that had smiled in his face; they haunted him more persistently than the memory of his wife.

Verona was delighted. She made hasty but expensive arrangements for their sudden journey. Once away from Utah, and Philip's spirits would revive. By the time they were ready to return, people would forget to look at him suspiciously on the street. She was not wholly mistaken. As she prophesied, by the time they reached the capital, any ordinary observer would have supposed that Philip was himself again. He began to think he was not so guilty as he at first believed; what right had his wife to defy the mandates of his Church? If she met her death by her own headstrong folly, was he always to mourn?

For the first few days he was quite contented in Washington. He met several of his old-time friends, who knew nothing of his late wife, and asked no special questions. They were a convivial set, and he joined them. Verona made no objections; when she came in contact with any of his friends, she was aware of their admiration, and was not averse to a little flirtation in Philip's absence.

One day, when coming out of one of his friend's lodgings, Philip met face to face the one man in the world that he most hated, the one man he most dreaded—Fletcher Arbuthnot.

He sprang forward, grasped Philip's hand, and exclaimed:

"Is it really you, Phil? When did you come, and where from?"

"A few days ago," was the surly response, his face flaming with conscious guilt; "on business for one of the Territories."

"And your wife—is she with you?" Fletcher continued. He had almost said "Muriel," but he remembered how singularly Philip had appeared, and was certain that he had not outlived his jealousy; as if he had need to be jealous of so devoted a wife as Muriel had proven!

"She is here," Philip responded, stiffly, and attempted to move on.

"Is she well?" he questioned.

"Perfectly, thank you. Excuse me, I have an engagement!" and he passed on.

Fletcher gazed after him in astonishment. He had not only failed to request him to call, he had treated him with uncalled-for rudeness.

"He has not forgotten that I urged the settlement of the money," he thought. "I hope Muriel has never repented her confidence in him."

Several times he tried to overtake Philip, but he persistently avoided him. He was determined to see Muriel before she left; though he was so busy, he did not hasten.

One day he joined a number of friends who were standing in a group.

"Are you acquainted with Phil Gay?" one of them questioned. "I thought I saw you speaking to him one morning, a while ago."

"Yes," Fletcher assented. "I went to school with him. By-the-way, what Territory does he represent while here?"

"Utah," was the response.

"Utah!" Fletcher repeated, in surprise.

"Have you seen his wife?" another one queried.

"She is the finest-looking woman in Washington this season, but a trifle fat."

Fletcher scowled. How dare they speak in such a light manner of the woman he had called sister so many years?

"If you don't believe it, come up with us and make a call this evening."

"All right," Fletcher rejoined; and so the hour was set.

He was sure Philip could not object to his calling in company with other friends.

All through the day his mind kept reverting unpleasantly to the remark his gentleman friend had made, although in reality his words might not mean anything worse than that Philip's wife was of a sprightly disposition. Yet that did not seem like his little sister.

The evening came at last. Fletcher met his friends, and made his way to Mr. Gay's parlor. When they entered he looked around in disappointment. Muriel was not there. He had no time to make comments, for a friend said:

"Allow me, Mrs. Gay, to present to you a particular friend of mine, Mr. Arbuthnot."

Fletcher bowed like one in a dream. What did this mean? How could this woman be Philip Gay's wife?—this dark, brilliant beauty, whose dreamy eyes looked quietly into his own without a gleam of recognition.

His companion smiled, thinking, by the way in which he stared at the wife of his old-time friend, that he must have fallen most desperately in love with her.

Philip was absent; he had gone to meet a committee, Verona explained to them, and so the gentlemen pleaded another engagement, and took their leave.

Once outside, the friend rallied Fletcher.

"Don't show how hard you're struck, Arbuthnot, quite so plainly another time," he said, jokingly.

"I was glad Phil Gay was not present; might have made trouble, you know."

Fletcher glanced up quickly.

"My surprise was greater than you imagine," he returned. "I am going to see Philip Gay as soon as he leaves the committee-room, and unravel this mystery. I was at Philip Gay's wedding as best man," he continued, "and was sure of a warm greeting from his wife. When I met him on the street he tried to pass me by, and now I know the reason why."

"And this is not the wife you expected? Perhaps his first wife is dead?"

"If so, common courtesy would have required him to have informed me. She was my father's ward—my adopted sister. This is in confidence, Day."

Fletcher and his friend soon met a number of other gentlemen, and were busy discussing a Bill that had just been presented in the House. Every few moments their number was augmented by new arrivals, and the debate was going on briskly, when Philip Gay, arm-in-arm with a new member, came strolling in.

His face was flushed; he had found that a glass of wine helped to keep up his courage and his spirits.

Fletcher walked over to him. At the sight of his old rival, all the bitterness and hatred of Philip's heart reasserted itself.

"Where is Muriel?" Fletcher demanded, sternly.

"A party of your friends invited me to make a call on you to-night, but I found a strange woman there, who passed as your wife. I wish you to explain it."

"Easily," Philip responded, with a sneering laugh, all the passion in his breast being awakened, and the liquor in his veins making him more desperate than he would otherwise have been. "Have you learned from what portion of the country I came?"

"Yes."

Fletcher's brow was becoming darker and more corrugated; but Philip was not in a condition to take warning, or discern the storm that was evidently brewing.

"We are permitted to take as many wives as our taste requires. The one you saw this evening was Mrs. Gay Number Two."

The words had scarcely left his lips when Arbuthnot had him by the throat.

"You miserable cur!" he cried, furiously. "I will throttle you!"

He held on to his struggling antagonist, the great veins swelling on his forehead, and passion visible in every line. Several persons sprang forward to separate them, for they saw that each man was doing his best to get the better of the other, and that if they were not parted murder would be done.

"Come, Fletcher," his friend said, "for God's sake, don't kill him!"

They were separated, and Philip's friends led him away; while all sorts of speculations became rife. What did the encounter mean?

It was hours before Fletcher was cool enough to think sanely. Never before had his temper been so stirred. And could that which Philip had said so openly be true? Had he really and truly so insulted and degraded Muriel as to introduce another wife into her house, and then bring that other wife to Washington? He would know; he never would rest until the mystery was solved.

It was useless to see Philip again. He was positive that if he once more got his hands on the scoundrel he would murder him; nothing should save his miserable life.

As soon as the business for which he came was settled, he would proceed to Salt Lake City. Muriel should find she had one friend left who would not allow her to become and remain the victim of an unprincipled wretch. He was so impatient to start, he could scarcely wait until the day came; meanwhile the gossips had got hold of the story, and Washington society had gone wild over the latest sensation. They had a real Mormon in their midst. The beautiful woman they had met was a polygamous wife. The one whom she supplanted was an old flame of the sedate Fletcher Arbuthnot. A meeting—a duel—was prophesied; but all were surprised when it was learned that, instead, Fletcher Arbuthnot had left town.

Verona was vexed that Philip had allowed the world to know that she was only Wife Number Two. He was angry when she upbraided him.

"I am not ashamed of my religion," he responded, with a swagger. "I don't approve of people passing under false colors."

But though he spoke so bravely to her, he was ill at ease. He was not sure that Fletcher would go to Utah to search for Muriel; but if he did, and found under what suspicious circumstances she had disappeared, he was morally certain his life would be in jeopardy.

As fast as steam could bear him, Fletcher hastened on his way to the scene of Muriel's unhappy life. His blood boiled within him. He had never felt confidence in Philip Gay, but he could not even yet think he was such a monster as his own words had led him to believe. Muriel must be dead; perhaps she had died of a broken heart—but that woman never could have been brought into her presence while still she lived.

Arriving at Salt Lake City, he went directly to the home of Philip Gay, although the person whom he had asked to show him the way had volunteered the information that Brother Gay was in Washington.

Without waiting for further information, he entered the house. The woman in charge eyed him suspiciously.

"I wish to see Mrs. Gay," he said, a nervous tremor passing over him.

"Mrs. Gay is in Washington with her husband," was the response.

"I have seen that lady," he returned. "Did not Mr. Gay have a wife when he came here?"

"Yes."

"Where is she?" he demanded.

The woman made no response. How did she know but this man before her was only a spy to see how much she would gossip about the affairs of the Saints?—and it was not a safe thing to be too free with comments.

"I don't know," she responded, slowly.

"You must know!" he exclaimed. "Is she dead?"

Again the woman faltered.

"You must tell me," Fletcher persisted. "I have come all the way from Washington to find out what became of my sister, and I will know."

The woman eyed him curiously.

"What is your name?" she queried.

"Fletcher Arbuthnot."

Again she hesitated. She remembered the name well; it had become a familiar sound during Muriel's delirium. This bronzed man was the friend she had called for so often. Dare she tell him?

Fletcher guessed at the truth. The woman was afraid to reveal any of the secrets of the members of the Church. He drew a picture of Muriel from his breast-pocket, and showed it to the woman.

"See, this is her picture! I am her friend. Tell me where I can find her."

The woman looked at it intently; a tear started in her eye.

"Yes, that is her picture," she sighed. "I dare not talk to you; but go down to the Gentile block and see what they say. Tell no one that I sent you."

She then gave him directions as to the course to take, and he passed out feeling that his worst fears were to be confirmed.

He went into a store, and called the proprietor aside. He did not attempt to bring the conversation around by any circuitous route, but told him briefly who he was, and from whence and why he came.

"If you belonged here I would scarcely dare to repeat to you what has been the common topic," the man said; "and even now I run a risk. We are not safe here to express our opinions. If we do, some serious calamity befalls us."

Then he related to him all he had heard of Muriel's fierce rebellion, her illness, and how she refused to become reconciled; her banishment to the cabin, and the fearful consequences that followed.

Fletcher's face became so pale, the stranger thought he was about to faint; but he sprang to his feet.

"My God!" he cried; "do you call yourselves men, and allow such hellish work to be carried on? Was there no one to aid her in her hour of need?"

"You are too fast," the man returned, bitterly. "Don't upbraid us. What are we but a mere handful to contend against a band of infuriated assassins? Blame your Government, whose troops can make war against the comparatively harmless Indians every year—a Government which will prosecute a man who steals a loaf of bread to keep his children from starvation, but which has no care for us."

Fletcher sat down again; he was literally dumb and blind. The worst he had anticipated had not equaled this. He was unprepared for the blow that had fallen.

"I will go over the ground," he said, slowly, "and see what I can find. Then I vow by all I hold sacred Philip Gay shall suffer for his crime! Her blood shall not call to me in vain!"

The merchant counseled him to proceed quietly on his search, or obstacles undreamed of might be placed in his pathway; and when Fletcher became calmer, he agreed to be guided by what he was told.

The next morning he procured a carriage, and went alone over the desolate road that the girl he loved (he did not attempt to hide the love from himself now) had been taken that fatal morning. He could imagine the cold, biting storm—the terrible fear in her poor heart.

"And a babe in her arms!" he muttered, as the hot tears blurred his eyes. "Can there be a God, if such things go unpunished?"

Then he remembered all the stories of crime that he had heard—the fate of the emigrant train, and the frightful butchery of men, women and children that took place then.

"And all these years their blood has gone unavenged!"

The atrocity of the deed had never been so

plain to his mind before. He drew up his horse and looked at the cabin. It stood as Philip had left it; no other foot had crossed its threshold, for by common consent it was supposed to be inhabited by the ghost of the woman who either was murdered or met her death in some other horrible way on that stormy night.

He entered. The door was lying on the floor. The dead embers were in the fireplace. In the corner were the fragments of clothing that had done duty for a bed. Beside these lay a small bundle; he picked it up, while his whole frame shook with horror. He opened it. It contained a handkerchief with her name in the corner, a child's dress, a pair of little socks, and a few bits of underwear. He looked them over, slowly, sadly, tenderly.

"Her dear hands touched them!" he sighed.

Then he went out to the door, and looked around. Oh, how desolate, utterly desolate everything seemed! It was a fitting place for such a crime. And as he gazed, the years floated away. Again her face smiled upon him, as on that fearful night when Philip was brought to their cottage. He groaned aloud.

"Oh, cursed pride that kept my tongue tied! Had I sought to win her for myself before that traitor came, she would be living now."

Around and around the cabin he passed slowly, carefully, but there were no signs of a crime to meet his eye. Then he re-entered his carriage and rode slowly on.

The merchant had told him of the search Philip had made, but he believed that only a ruse to blind the eyes of the Gentiles. He had no doubt but the managers of the Church were privy to the deed, and had arranged the details for the husband.

Nothing met his view but scenery wilder and still more wild. There was no habitation anywhere near—no place to shelter the poor wife, if she had left the cabin alive.

He had now gone about five miles beyond the cabin, when he came to the railroad. A train was standing there, waiting to repair an accident. Fletcher drove alongside, and drew his reins. A moment later a voice hailed him:

"Fletcher, old boy! what brings you here?"

Fletcher started; the voice sounded familiar.

"Why, Pres Gale," he ejaculated, "is it possible I see you? Are you engineer? I remember what a taste you always had for mechanics in school."

Fletcher had sprung from his carriage, and the engineer had hastened to meet him. As soon as he got near enough, he caught Fletcher's hand, and looked into his face.

"Say, old boy, what is the trouble?" he questioned, familiarly. "You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"I am looking for one," Fletcher responded.

"Do you remember Philip Gay?"

"Yes."

"He married Muriel, my adopted sister. She had been with us from the time she was a little child." Then he told him all that had transpired, while the engineer clinched his powerful hands, and wished they were about the throat of the dastardly Gay.

"Don't feel so bad, Fletcher!" he ejaculated, nervously. "I have a secret which I promised never to divulge, but under the circumstances I think I will be justified in breaking the promise."

"What do you know?" Fletcher cried. "If it is anything bearing on this case, speak!"

Preston Gale stepped closer to him, so that his voice might not be overheard.

"One bitter, stormy night last November we stopped in this very place, to cool off. I was on a freight-train then, and you may judge of my surprise when a man stepped up to me, helping a woman and child along. 'For the love of God help me on with this woman!' he said, in excited tones. 'She must go, engineer; it is a case of life or death.' The storm seemed to be increasing in fury every moment, and we were afraid of being snowed in, so I had no time to parley if I had so wished. I knew enough of the hellish place I was in not to ask many questions, so I just took the woman in my arms, and carried her into the caboose. The old man—for he was an old man, with a large slouch hat, such as miners wear—brought the baby along. We started up the train. The woman simply said, 'Saved!' and then fainted dead away. I held the child—a pretty little thing, that laughed despite the cold and storm—while the old fellow tried to bring the mother around. He raised her veil; she was a beauty, Fletcher."

"Fair, golden hair?" Fletcher asked.

"Yes. I never saw such a lovely woman. She revived, and caught her child, pressed it against her breast, and then cowered in the corner, weeping bitterly. The man looked as though he would murder somebody, though he spoke softly to the weeping woman. To make a long story short, as soon as we were out of the Territory they left the train. The man put a twenty-dollar bill in my hand, and asked me my address. I gave it to him. 'Now, engineer,' he said, 'I ask as a favor that you never divulge this night's ride to any person. You will hear from me again.' I did. A few weeks later he sent me a check for five thousand dollars."

"It must have been Muriel!" Fletcher exclaimed, his relief at finding that she might have escaped being so great as to make him weak.

"God bless you, Pres!"

"I don't think I have done wrong by telling you," Pres continued. "I knew it was to protect her against her enemies. There, my train is ready; I must start," Gale continued, as he caught Fletcher's hand and gave it a parting grip.

"Wait!" Fletcher cried. "The letter—where was it sent from?"

"Omaha."

He was on his train, the monster engine was steaming down the road, and still Fletcher stood like one rooted to the spot.

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"She was saved! saved!" he was muttering, while hot tears filled his eyes.

Saved! Oh, what a relief that word gave him! Philip was not quite so red-handed as he had supposed, though nothing could extenuate the crime he had committed.

"I certainly should have hunted him to the gallows if I had not met Pres," he thought. "Providence brought me here."

He re-entered his carriage, and drove back to the city. He went to the merchant.

"I am going away on the first train," he said. "I have been all over the ground. I could find no trace of a crime. I don't think he murdered his wife. I have known him from a boy, and though he treated her with the fiendishness of a devil, and stole her money in the bargain, I don't believe he would take her life."

For his conscience' sake he would not help to foster the evil opinion against the offender. "You are lenient in your judgment," the stranger observed. "If ever you have a voice in making the laws of the nation, don't forget this infamous plague-spot."

"I swear before high Heaven that as long as there is a voice left in my body I shall use it against this place," Fletcher replied, solemnly. He bade the man good-by, and then walked to Philip's house. He drew from his pocket a notebook and wrote in it:

"I have been here. I have gone out to the place where you dared to take your wife. I will say that I do not believe, as all your townsmen do, that you killed her body; if I did, liar, traitor, thief, I would shoot you on sight. Of everything else you are guilty; and that the curse of Heaven may fall on you is the wish of

"FLETCHER ARBUTHNOT."

"Give this to Mr. Gay," he said, passing it to the servant, "when he returns, if it is not for a year."

Where should he go now?

His home was in one of the Western States, and he decided to go there first, and then set out to find Muriel. Who could the man be who saved her? Over and over he pondered that question; and then a thought came that made his blood boil.

No stranger knew where she was; the cabin was away from any locality that would be frequented by any passer-by; there was only one thing probable, one thing possible. Some of the older Saints must have played false! Some Apostle, probably now supposed to be away on a foreign mission, had gone to the cabin where Muriel was, assured her that the lives of herself and child were menaced, and persuaded her to fly with him. If so, she was still in deadly peril.

The thought enraged him; and yet how was he to succor her, when he knew not in what direction to commence his search? Omaha would be the point to commence at, and after he went home and set his affairs in order, he would proceed to that city.

(To be continued.)

## THE DEATH OF VICE-PRESIDENT HENDRICKS.

THOMAS ANDREWS HENDRICKS, Vice-president of the United States, died at his home in Indianapolis, Ind., on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 25th ult., at the age of sixty-six years. His demise, caused by paralysis of the heart, was startlingly sudden. He had contracted a severe cold a few days before, but no special alarm was felt, and only a little while before his death, Mr. Hendricks had declared himself free from pain. Thus it chanced that at the moment when the end came he was alone in his room. The blow fell with terrible force upon Mrs. Hendricks, and the announcement of the Vice-president's death was at first received with incredulity by the public. When it was confirmed the expressions of sorrow were universal. Messages of condolence poured in. President Cleveland at once called a special meeting of the Cabinet, made arrangements for attending the funeral, ordered fitting honors to be paid to the memory of his late colleague in office, and dispatched a message of sympathy to his widow. Governor Hoody paid a warm tribute to the deceased, in the form of a proclamation to the people of Ohio, and the Executives of other States took official notice of the sad event. Flags at half-mast were displayed in all the principal cities of the Union. Messages were received by Mrs. Hendricks from Samuel J. Tilden, David Davis, Senator Edmunds, Mrs. George B. McClellan, and scores of other prominent officials and private persons. Elaborate preparations were made for the funeral, on Tuesday of this week. The body lay in state for two days at the Court House in Indianapolis, guard duty being done by the local militia and a detachment of the regular army.

By the death of Vice-president Hendricks, one of the nation's most conspicuous public men is removed from its councils. His political career extended over a peculiarly eventful period. It began with his election to the Indiana Legislature in 1848. In 1851, and again in 1852, he was elected to Congress as a Democrat from the central district of his State. He supported the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, as a party measure—indicating in that early stage of his career the same line of policy which afterwards he conspicuously followed. He always held uncompromisingly to the traditional statesmanship of his party, without attempting to lead it. Mr. Hendricks was nominated for Governor of Indiana in 1860, but was defeated by Colonel Henry S. Lane. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1863, and held his seat there for six years. On the impeachment trial of President Johnson, he took a leading part in the defense. His political speeches were marked by spirit, elevation and comprehensiveness. His honesty was unquestioned. He became one of the most popular men in his party, and was a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1868. In 1872 he was elected Governor of Indiana, being, with one exception, the only Democrat elected to a State office in that State in that year. The Democratic National Convention at St. Louis, in 1876, nominated Mr. Hendricks for Vice-president on the first ballot. The story of the exciting election which resulted in the defeat of the Tilden-Hendricks ticket is familiar; and the "fraud issue" was afterwards a feature of Mr. Hendricks's political speeches. In 1880, his Presidential aspirations were again disappointed, in

the nomination of General Hancock. In 1884, also, he failed to secure the Presidential nomination, but was nominated for Vice-president by every vote of every delegation at the Democratic National Convention. He was sworn into office on the 4th of March last, and occupied his chair as President of the Senate during the session of that body called to take action on President Cleveland's nominations. After the adjournment of the Senate, he spent the Summer partly in Saratoga, and partly at his home in Indianapolis. Mr. Hendricks had been for many years a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

## THE PEANUT HARVEST IN VIRGINIA.

FRESH Virginia peanuts, are conspicuously announced upon the placards of the street vendors during the Autumn months. This is the harvest-time of the ever-popular "gopher" of the South, which is indeed in the market all the year round, but which is particularly crisp and toothsome in its proper season. The regulation peanut bears the Virginia brand because that State raises most of the vast supply upon which the Northern dealers depend; and Norfolk is the central point of the industry. The plant itself is rarely seen north of Virginia. It is a diffusely branched trailing vine, with dark-green leaves of four leaflets each, and nestles quite closely to the light sandy soil in which it grows. The nuts themselves are attached—not to the roots, as is often stated, but to a kind of rigid deflexed stalk which, in its elongation, pushes the young forming pod below the soil, there to attain to maturity. The harvesting follows the first frost. The plants, pods and all, are turned over with a kind of flat-pronged utensil, which is neither rake nor hoe. They are then "shucked" upon upright poles, with boards beneath to protect the nuts from the moisture of the ground. These shucks are ranged upon the broad, level fields, as shown in the central picture of our page of illustrations. The effect, on a moonlight night, seemed to our artist to suggest an army of soldiers scattered in squads over the plain; and the illusion was rendered more strikingly suggestive by the fact that the plantation visited by him was in the midst of the old battlefield of Petersburg. The vines are left for two or three weeks to dry, after which they are stripped by negroes. The best peanuts are hand-picked; but some are threshed out like grain. The next stage of preparation is the cleansing, which is accomplished by shaking up the nuts in a revolving cylinder, with perforations for the escape of the dust and chaff. Finally, they are sorted; and this part of the work is usually done in the factories of Norfolk, where the nuts are prepared and put up in bags for the market. The peanut of commerce is usually unroasted, this final office being performed by the retailers.

## HON. JOHN H. MITCHELL,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OREGON.

THE Hon. John H. Mitchell, recently elected to the United States Senate from Oregon as successor to James H. Slater, Democrat, was born in Washington County, Pa., on June 22d, 1835. He received a public-school education and instruction from a private tutor. Afterwards he studied and practiced law in his native county, but removed to California when about twenty-three years of age, and pursued his profession, first in San Luis Obispo, and then in San Francisco. In 1860 he removed to Portland, Oregon, where he has continued to reside ever since, and has attained a high rank at the Bar. In 1861 he was elected Corporation Attorney of Portland, and the following year was chosen State Senator, serving four years, the last two as President of the Senate. He ran as a Republican candidate for the United States Senate in 1866, but was unsuccessful. He then withdrew from the political arena as an active partisan, and accepted the Professorship of Medical Jurisprudence in Willamette University, at Salem, Oregon, which position he held until 1871. In 1873 he was elected to the United States Senate, and took his seat on March 3d of the same year, and served until the expiration of his term, March 3d, 1879. While a member of the United States Senate, he served on the Committees on Privileges and Elections, and Claims and Transportation. His present term commences March 3d, 1886, and terminates March 3d, 1892.

## JOAQUIN MILLER INTERVIEWS THE PRESIDENT.

IN one of his letters to the Chicago Times, Joaquin Miller says: "President Cleveland is a plain man, almost homely. He never could have been good-looking at best, and now that he is very bald and no longer young, there is no beauty of either form or face to speak of. Of course he is a different figure and form from that of Mr. Lincoln; but I should say that in his way he is as plain as ever was Mr. Lincoln in his way, and fully as awkward. He is a short man, comparatively, and his hands are simply huge. The complexion of his face is coarse and sallow. But his eye is keen and clear. He does not stare at you. But he takes you in at a glance with sudden precision, and you feel that he sees through you and understands you in that one glance from your boot-soles up to the last straggling hair on the top of your head. He has a tremendously strong face; it is simply powerful. It is a face that says imperiously and instantly, 'No foolishness,' and you feel as if you want to get away from before it. Here is my first interview, which I dotted down a few minutes after:

"Mr. President, I—I want Captain Hoxie to be returned to Washington so as to complete our waterworks."

"Captain Hoxie," answered the President, instantly, "is subject to the orders of the Secretary of War," and he looked at me as if to say, "And you know it." Yes, I knew I had come to the wrong place and was boring the President and bothering for nothing, much as I had the matter at heart. So I gave up that subject and started on another equally as important.

"Mr. President, one thing more: I hear you are going to remove Commissioner Edmunds, the head of our Commissioners for Washington, and—I—I—"

"The President looked hard at me, and said, promptly: 'You have heard that? Well, I have not heard of it, and as I will have to hear of it before he is removed, you can rest easy on that score for the present.'"

"By this time I felt that I had not the slightest business with the President, and so fell in with the band of shorn sheep that was passing on and out of the corral by another door. I doubt if any of us felt quite as big as when we went in. I had one conviction, however, lodged very solidly in my

mind, and it was to the effect that, from the concise and swift way in which he disposed of me and those who went in with me, there is not going to be much foolishness about the White House while he is there. This man, Grover Cleveland—and he gives you the impression that he does not really care whether or no—is President of every inch of these United States. And I venture to write it down as one of my very few prophecies, that he will be President of these United States for about seven years and a quarter to come."

## PASTEUR STUDYING HYDROPHOBIA.

A WRITER in a Paris publication says: "Biting dogs and bitten dogs fill the laboratory. Without reckoning the hundreds of mad dogs that have died in the laboratory during the last three years, there never occurs a case of hydrophobia in Paris of which Pasteur is not informed. Not long ago a veterinary surgeon telegraphed him: 'Attack at its height in poodle dog and bulldog. Come.' Pasteur invited me to accompany him, and we started, carrying six rabbits with us in a basket. The two dogs were rabid to the last degree. The bulldog especially, an enormous creature, howled and foamed in its cage. A bar of iron was held out to him; he threw himself upon it, and there was great difficulty in drawing it away from his bloody fangs. One of the rabbits was then brought near to the cage, and its drooping ear was allowed to pass through the bars. But, notwithstanding this provocation, the dog flung himself down at the bottom of his cage and refused to bite. Two youths then threw a cord with a slip-loop over the dog as a lasso is thrown. The animal was caught and drawn to the edge of the cage. There they managed to get hold of him and secure his jaws, and the dog, suffocating with fury, his eyes blood-shot, and his body convulsed with a violent spasm, was extended upon a table and held motionless, while Pasteur, leaning over his foaming head at the distance of a finger's breadth, sucked up into a narrow tube some drops of saliva. In the basement of the veterinary surgeon's house, witnessing this formidable *tele-a-tele*, I thought Pasteur grander than I had ever thought him before."

## THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

TO SWEETEN musty barrels, throw in burning coals, and then cold water. Public brewers wash their casks with lime and water mixed nearly to the consistency of paint, let it remain until dry, and then wash well with water.

CONTAMINATED water passed through six inches of green sand, coke, animal charcoal or spongy iron, is wholly freed from the micro-organisms which cause disease. The material is to be powdered sufficiently fine to pass through a sieve of forty meshes to the inch.

FROM his recent observations, Captain Pillsbury finds that the strength of the current of the Gulf Stream is invariably on the Florida instead of the Bahama side of the stream, and that the temperature of this great "river" in the ocean ranges from 42 degrees to 81 degrees. The greatest velocity of the stream at the surface is about four and a half knots, but the fluctuations are frequent and considerable.

CELLULVIT is a new material, formed by passing paper, or any fibrous form of cellulose, through a bath of nitric acid. The glutinous surfaces so produced are then pressed together and washed, when they form an extremely tough and hard substance, which is well adapted for use in the industrial arts. It is proposed to construct dishes for use in photography out of cellulvite, but it would also answer well for dark slides.

A VALUABLE crystalline coating for wood or paper may be obtained, it is stated, by mixing a very concentrated cold solution of salt with dextrine, and laying the thinnest coating of the fluid on the surface to be covered by means of a broad soft brush. After drying, the surface has a beautiful, bright, mother-of-pearl coating, which, in consequence of the dextrine, adheres firmly to paper and wood. The coating may be made adhesive to glass by doing it over with an alcoholic shellac solution. Sulphate of magnesia, acetate of soda and sulphate of tin are among the salts which produce the most attractive crystalline coatings. Paper must first be sized, otherwise it will absorb the liquid and prevent the formation of crystals.

THE Right Rev. Mgr. Cluever, pastor of Our Lady Help of Christians, at Albany, has invented an automatic corkscrew which is destined to become very popular. The invention is a simple one, and it is a wonder it was not thought of long ago. The corkscrew proper is concealed within a tube and is operated with a bar or handle, the same as on an ordinary corkscrew. To this handle is a spiral, which, as the corkscrew is operated, winds itself into the covering or tube, the same as a hose coupling is made. On either side of the tube is a little clamp, operated with a spring, and in the interior is another spring, which is easily screwed down as the corkscrew is turned. The mouth of the tube, which covers the corkscrew, is placed over the neck of the bottle from which the cork is to be drawn. The screw is turned into the cork and the interior spring, which is very powerful, is pressed downwards at the same time. When the screw is properly through the cork the side clamps are lightly pressed, the spring is released, and out comes the cork as neatly as could be wished.

## DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

NOVEMBER 22d.—In Medford, Mass., Eliza Wright, prominently identified with insurance interests, aged 81 years; in New York, Henry Pratt Smith, a well-known merchant, aged 56 years; in Rome, Italy, Cardinal Antonio Pambianco, aged 77 years. NOVEMBER 24th.—In Spain, Marshal Serrano, ex-Dictator, aged 75 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., Jacob R. Freese, M.D., medical writer, etc., aged 60 years; in Southampton, England, Judge Robert Johnson Nivens, of New York, aged 67 years; at Sandy Hook, N. J., James Farrell, marine observer. NOVEMBER 25th.—In Trenton, N. J., Franklin S. Mills, journalist, politician, jurist and speaker, aged 71 years. NOVEMBER 26th.—In Ithaca, N. Y., ex-Congressman Jeremiah W. Dwight, aged 60 years; in Auburn, N. Y., the Rev. Dr. Charles Hawley, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of that city since 1857; in Charleston, S. C., the Rev. John H. Hannom, prominent Lutheran clergyman, aged 83 years. NOVEMBER 27th.—In New York, Moses Mitchell, a well-known member of the Stock Exchange, aged 51 years; in New York, Albert Coles, silversmith, aged 69 years.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MADAME PATTI has been ordered by her physicians to take a month of complete rest.

M. TAINÉ and MARK TWAIN are curiously and comically confounded in a literary review in a St. Petersburg paper.

SECRETARY WHITNEY keeps up four houses—one in New York, one in Lenox, one near Georgetown Heights, and one in Washington.

HENRY WARD BEECHER intimates that the donations of the late Horace B. Clafin to various private charities will amount to nearly \$1,000,000.

In three years Leopold von Ranke, the greatest living historian, hopes to complete his great "Universal History." A sixth volume is about to appear—and the historian has just passed his ninetieth birthday.

THREE ex-pages of the House of Representatives are now members of Congress. They are, William L. Scott, of Erie, Pa., who was appointed a page in 1840; Senator Gorman, of Maryland; and Representative Dick Townshend, of Illinois.

GENERAL JOHN EATON, Commissioner of Education, has tendered his resignation, to take effect upon the appointment and qualification of his successor. General Eaton's health is much impaired, and he resigns for the purpose of accepting the presidency of a college, where his labors will be less exacting.

SCHAEFER, the billiardist, when playing wears full evening dress. He has a fine diamond stud in his shirt. Vignaux also wears a full dress suit. His diamond stud is worn in the shirt-collar. Schaefer carries his cues in a green sack and a piece of chalk in one of his vest-pockets. Vignaux carries a jointed cue in a leather case.

ALL Europe is pointing the finger of scorn at King Milan of Serbia, who is the latest and most striking illustration of going for wool and coming home shorn. A fortnight ago he advanced into Bulgaria, breathing war and fury; now he is begging for peace and looking for a crevice into which he can hide himself from the curses of his own subjects.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's usual suit is of black broadcloth, with the coat double-breasted and tightly buttoned about the body. His linen is always white; he puts on a new turn-over collar every day. His favorite necktie is one of black, very quiet and modest in its tie. The President ties it himself, and he does not require the assistance of a valet in making his toilet.

OLD MARSHAL SERRANO, of Spain, who died last week, was eighty-five years of age. He filled an important place in Spanish history for something like forty years. He saw more than his share of stormy politics and intrigue, and was in some respects the strongest man that Spain has produced in this century. He was during the late years of his life a vigorous supporter of the Republican cause.

A DETROIT newspaper reports that Captain F. G. Dickens, a son of Charles Dickens, "flashed across the horizon of the Russell House bar the other day." He resembles his father physically just as much as he does mentally—not any. It was rumored during the Riel rebellion that Captain Dickens was among the slain, but he still holds his commission as commander of a squad of mounted police in the Northwest Territory.

MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT has definitely decided not to issue any cards of invitation whatever to his picture gallery this Winter. This decision has been made chiefly in deference to Mrs. Vanderbilt's wishes, and these arise from the fact that many visitors during the past two Winters have so far forgotten themselves as to wander through the house, and in several instances to actually injure the furniture and decorations in their curious inspection.

THE ladies of the new Democratic Administration have promptly begun to show an interest in local charities, and Secretary Endicott's wife and Secretary Whitney's wife will in person preside at the tea-table when the "kettledrum and bazar" to aid the Garfield Memorial Hospital are given in Washington the middle of December. Senator Logan's wife is the President of the Ladies' Aid Association, which has undertaken this entertainment, and she is working for its success with her customary energy.

AMONG the pictures at the Academy of Design Exhibition is one by Miss Bessy Snowden Nichols, entitled "The Sibyl." Miss Nichols was one of Henner's most flattered pupils in Paris, and was greatly appreciated by the leading painters of that capital, who united in predicting for her a highly successful career if she would remain abroad. But she prefers to live and work in her own country; and, judging from what she has already accomplished, there can be no doubt that she will rapidly make her way in popular favor.

M. BARTHOLDI returned to France last week, after having visited Washington and submitted his models for the statue of Lafayette that the Government proposes to erect. On the Saturday evening previous to his departure, he was entertained at a banquet given by the Pedestal Fund Committee at the Union League Club, Mr. Evans presiding. M. Bartholdi thinks it will take five months to get the statue of "Liberty" securely placed on the pedestal. His plan is to have the dedication on the 3d of next September, the anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Versailles.

ONE marked peculiarity about Worth, the Paris man milliner, is his great dislike to perfume in any shape. His workwomen are prohibited from using scents, and even from wearing flowers, during their working hours. And when a lady sends him her costly laces for the adornment of new dresses, all odorous from long sojourning in perfumed satchels, the first thing that he does is to cause them to be thoroughly aired. He never suffers any of his subordinates to drape or arrange fine laces, reserving that difficult and delicate detail for himself, so every trace of perfume must be eradicated before he can touch them.

MR. L. J. JENNINGS, formerly editor of the New York Times, has been elected a member of the British House of Commons. Among the surprises of the recent elections were the defeat of Mr. Hugh Childers and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, who were members of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, and of the Marquis of Lorne, who ran as a Liberal candidate. Sir Charles Dilke was elected for Chelsea by a majority of only 175, and the Conservatives threaten to petition for a new election on the ground that Sir Charles resorted to personal intimidation of voters. Mr. Jacob Bright, the brother of John Bright, was defeated in South-west Manchester.





1. Peanut Farm. 2. The Plant. 3. "Shucking." 4. "Shuckers" by Moonlight. 5. Picking the Nuts. 6. Cleaning.

VIRGINIA.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF A SOUTHERN TOUR—PEANUT-CULTURE ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF PETERSBURG.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 251.



## THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.

ALFONSO XII., King of Spain, died in the royal palace at Madrid on November 25th, after a few days' illness. All the great officers of state and the Cabinet Ministers, except the Ministers of War and of the Interior, were present at the moment of dissolution. For two days before his decease the King had spasmodic fits, the result of fever and debility. Eight physicians were in attendance upon him during the last day of illness. The cause of death is said to have been consumption accelerated by dysentery. The King's death has caused a profound sensation and deep anxiety throughout Spain.

Alfonso Francisco de Asissi Fernando, Prince of Asturias, known as Alfonso XII., was born on November 28th, 1857. In 1868 he was expelled from Spain with his mother, Isabella II., and remained in Paris until 1870. His education was continued in France and England until 1874, and in the following year he was proclaimed King by the forces that were being led against the Carlists. The difficulties that have of late besieged the Spanish Crown began with the question of the succession at the death of Ferdinand VII., who died in 1833. Ferdinand repealed the Salic law, having no male offspring, and appointed Isabella, a daughter by his fourth marriage, to succeed him. His brother, Don Carlos, was his lawful successor. At the time of Ferdinand's death, Isabella was only three years old, but she was proclaimed Queen in accordance with her father's will. Don Carlos took up arms, supported by a large body of adherents, then known as Carlists, and, until 1868, Spain was the scene of many revolutionary contests. During all this time, however, Queen Isabella retained her throne, until 1868, when a revolt, headed by Gonzalez Bravo, resulted in the expulsion of the Queen. In 1870 she abdicated in favor of Alfonso. After the flight of the Queen, a provisional government was established in 1869. The following year, Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, son of Victor Emmanuel, was proclaimed King. In 1873, the throne being again abdicated, a republican form of government was established. Scarcely had this been accomplished when another revolution was started, which ended in the crowning of Alfonso as King, in 1875.

During the ten years of his reign Alfonso was confronted by constant difficulties with the factions which struggle for the mastery in Spanish politics. On the whole, however, good order has been maintained, and the Cabinet changes have not been especially frequent. The Government has had strong support in the Cortes. Financial questions and the negotiation of commercial treaties had a large share of attention throughout Alfonso's reign. The constant and ever-increasing expenditures over public revenues have created a national debt of large amount, and successive Finance Ministers have busied themselves with schemes for reducing it and for paying the annual charges, with some success. In the negotiation of commercial treaties Spain has not been altogether successful. Her relations with this country have been cordial, though the Vir-

ginius affair for a time gave both Governments some trouble. Early in 1877 a decree of general amnesty to the Carlists was issued. In 1878 the chief events in Alfonso's life were his marriage, the death of his wife, and the attempt (on October 25th, 1878) upon his life by Juan Oliva Moncasi, a member of the International Society. In 1879 he married the Archduchess Marie Christine of Austria, who had been a playmate of his when he was a student at the royal college in Vienna.

In 1883, in consequence of favors received at the hands of the German Emperor, Alfonso was insulted while passing through Paris, and upon his return to Spain was received with great rejoicings. There was much indignation expressed by the Spanish people, and at one time it was feared war with France would follow. This experience seemed to unite the people in favor of the young monarch, and this, with his recent visits to, and efforts in behalf of, the cholera-afflicted poor of his country, appears to have endeared him to his subjects. He left two daughters—Mercedes, born on September 11th, 1880, and Maria Teresa, born on November 12th, 1882.

Marie Christine Desirée Henriette Felicite Renfere, widow of the dead King, was born July 21st, 1858, and is the daughter of the late Archduke Charles Frederick of Austria and the Archduchess Elizabeth. She is a woman of somewhat obstinate nature and very decided prejudices. As Regent, she will, to a large extent, hold the key to the political situation; but the intrigues for the control of the Infanta Mercedes, now only five years old, will necessarily render the position of the mother one of grave anxiety and trouble.

It is reported that, before the King died, he advised Queen Christine to confide in the Liberals, who would save his children and his country; but there

is probably no real foundation for the statement. The Ministers of War and of the Interior have ordered the provincial officials to use the utmost tact and discretion as long as order prevails, but to take immediate and energetic action the moment the slightest indication of disorder appears, and to proclaim a state of siege when necessary.

MEMORIAL HALL,  
UNIVERSITY OF  
NORTH CAROLINA.

MEMORIAL HALL, of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, formally dedicated and first used on the occasion of this year's Commencement exercises, is, perhaps, the largest auditorium in the Southern States, certainly larger than any other at an educational institution; and it is believed to be the only Memorial Hall of the same character at any American seat of learning except Harvard. The building was made architecturally peculiar in order to secure the best acoustic effects. Its dimensions are 136 feet by 128 feet, and 52 feet from floor to rafters, their being no ceiling. The roof is supported by arches that reach from the basement to the comb, and there are no pillars. Its capacity is 4,000 persons, and like its architectural prototype, the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, its acoustic properties are excellent.

The special feature of the building is its real memorial character. The University of North Carolina has by far the longest roll of distinguished Alumni of all Southern institutions except the University of Virginia. In the walls are inserted plain marble tablets, whereon are graven the names and the most notable events in the lives of the distinguished sons of the University, its founders and its Faculty. The list includes President James K. Polk (Class of '18), Samuel Johnston (a trustee), President of the Convention of 1788 and 1789 which ratified the Constitution of the United States, Governor and United States Senator; D. M. Barringer (Class of '26), Minister to Spain 1849-'53; W. A. Graham (Class of '34), Secretary of Navy 1850, Whig candidate, Vice-president 1852, Governor and United States Senator; Rev. F. L. Hawks (Class of '15), Rector of Calvary Church, New York city, 1849-'61, Historian of North Carolina; Willie P. Mangum (Class of '15), President United States Senate 1842-'45; Dr. F. D. Lente (Class of '45), founder of American Academy of Medicine; William Bingham (Class of '56), author of the Bingham series of Latin text-books; and the names of several hundreds of other sons of the University who distinguished themselves in war, politics, letters or jurisprudence. Among them are some of the greatest names in the history of half a dozen of the Southern States. One large tablet bears the names of 245 alumni and students who lost their lives in the Confederate



SPAIN.—THE LATE ALFONSO XII., KING, AND HIS WIDOW, CHRISTINE, NOW QUEEN REGENT.  
PHOTO. BY MOUTON, MADRID.



NORTH CAROLINA.—MEMORIAL HALL, OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY AT CHAPEL HILL.



OREGON.—HON. JOHN H. MITCHELL, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT.

PHOTO. BY NICE—SEE PAGE 251.



service. The list begins with the name of the Bishop-general Leonidas Polk (Class of '21).

### FUN.

How long since "Romeo and Juliet"?

"Adam, the goodliest man of men since born," still could not be called exactly enviable; for when he filled the ground in the dewy twilight and caught a sharp touch of rheumatism, he had no SALVATION OIL for his cure, and no twenty-five cents to try it. An egg is not laid to rest.

**Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites** is very Palatable, and Increases Flesh. DR. F. H. CLEMENT, Brighton, Ill., says: "Scott's Emulsion is very palatable, easily assimilated, and gives flesh and strength to the patient."

ominous news for Turkey—The cranberry crop is splendid.

### SANTA CLAUS'S PROGRESS.

THE knowing ones say that Mr. Schwarz, who has the big toy bazaar on Union Square (42 East Fourteenth Street) is a confidential adviser of Santa Claus; that he preserves any hint which may be offered, and gives it to Santa Claus, who finds it very convenient to keep his toys in stock at Mr. Schwarz's place. A representative of FRANK LESLIE'S was shown by Mr. Schwarz, the other day, thousands of toys which made a great contrast compared with those of only a few years ago. In nearly all there was some practical working or curious ingenuity shown, which suggested the idea that it would be much better to be a child to-day than ever before. Parents could not pass a more interesting hour than a visit with their children to SCHWARTZ'S BAZAAR.

FOR COUGHS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA, CATARRH, and other diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold everywhere. 25 cts. a box.

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A good story comes from a boys' boarding-school in "Jersey." The diet was monotonous and constipating, and the learned principal decided to introduce some old-style physic in the apple-sauce, and await the happy results. One bright lad, the smartest in school, discovered the secret mine in his sauce, and, pushing back his plate, shouted to the pedagogue: "No physic, sir, in mine! My dad told me to use nuthin' but DR. PIERCE'S 'PLEASANT PURGATIVE PELLETS,' and they are a-doing their duty like a charm!" They are anti-bilious, and purely vegetable.

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### A BOSTON PRINTER IN LUCK: A \$15,000 PRIZE.

A rumor was circulated last week that a Boston printer by the name of Nelson had drawn a large prize in the November drawing of the Louisiana Lottery, and in order to get the facts, our reporter sought an interview with the gentleman named. Mr. M. B. Nelson, mercantile job printer, 75 Merrimack Street, was visited, and he acknowledged that the story was true, and that he was the lucky man. He held one-fifth of ticket 46,793, which drew the capital prize of \$75,000, and his share was \$15,000. He has the money now in his possession, and feels really happy with the results of his investment. His first venture in a lottery was in October, when he drew nothing. The second time he bought his ticket against the advice of friends, but to their intense satisfaction he drew the prize. Mr. Nelson is a single young man, about twenty-two years of age, and carries on the job printing business with his brother. He lives at home with his parents, who are of Polish extraction with a large family, and in comfortable circumstances, but by no means wealthy. This prize money will enable him to extend his business and get some real estate, which he has been anxious to secure. He is a steady, industrious young man, and will no doubt make good use of his suddenly acquired wealth. He says that he will continue to invest a little in the Louisiana Lottery, as he considers it an honestly conducted affair, and as legitimate as the stock schemes which are now so largely engaging the attention of the public.—Boston (Mass.) Commercial and Shipping List, November 25th.

"HELLO!" we heard one man say to another, the other day. "I didn't know you at first. Why, you look ten years younger than you did when I saw you last!" "I feel ten years younger," was the reply. "You know I used to be under the weather all the time, and gave up expecting to be any better. The doctor said I had consumption. I was terribly weak—had night-sweats, cough, no appetite, and lost flesh. I saw DR. PIERCE'S 'GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY' advertised, and thought it would do no harm if it did no good. It has cured me. I am a new man because I am a well one."

DR. COLLINS'S successful treatment of the Opium and Morphine Habit for the past seventeen years warrants him in offering one thousand dollars reward to any one afflicted with the habit that he cannot cure painlessly. Address DR. SAMUEL B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.

### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. **CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.** Sold by all Druggists.

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Fine Brocade **VELVET NEWMARKETS**, trimmed fur and satin linings, \$30; were \$52.

**PLUSH WRAPS**, long fronts, satin linings, trimmed fur and tails, \$30; were \$50.

500 Niggerheads, or **FRIEZE CLOTH WRAPS**, trimmed fur, \$10; were \$15.

All-Wool Heavy **JERSEY CLOTH JACKETS**, \$4.50; were \$7.

500 Misses' Imported **CLOTH CLOAKS** (4 to 12 years), \$2; were \$4.50.

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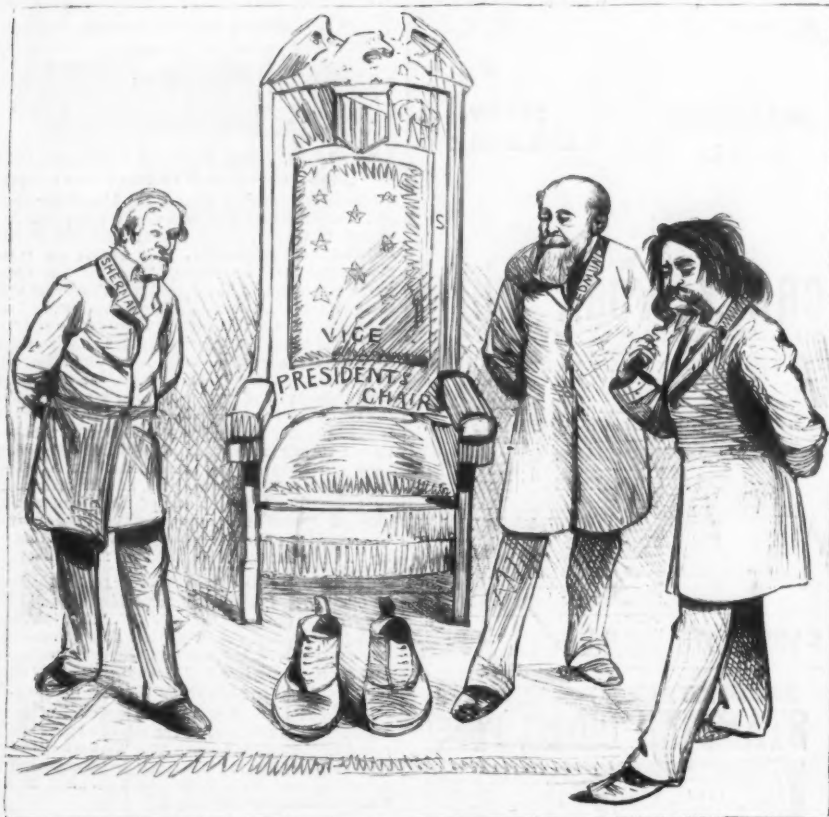
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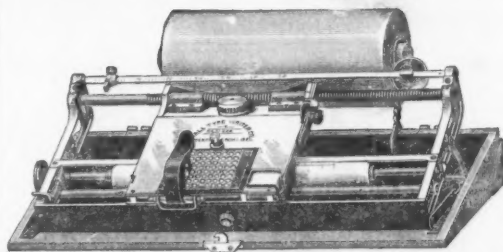
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